

*IN
SHIP
AND
PRISON*



WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN



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“Mark you, if you miss the craft, you shall receive forty blows.”

IN SHIP and PRISON

A Story of Five Years in the Con-
tinental Navy with Captain
Samuel Tucker



By WILLIAM PENDLETON CHIPMAN
Drawings by ARTHUR DE BEBIAN



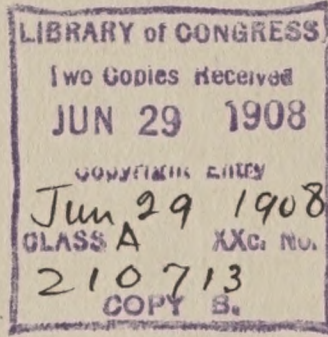
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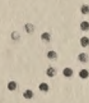
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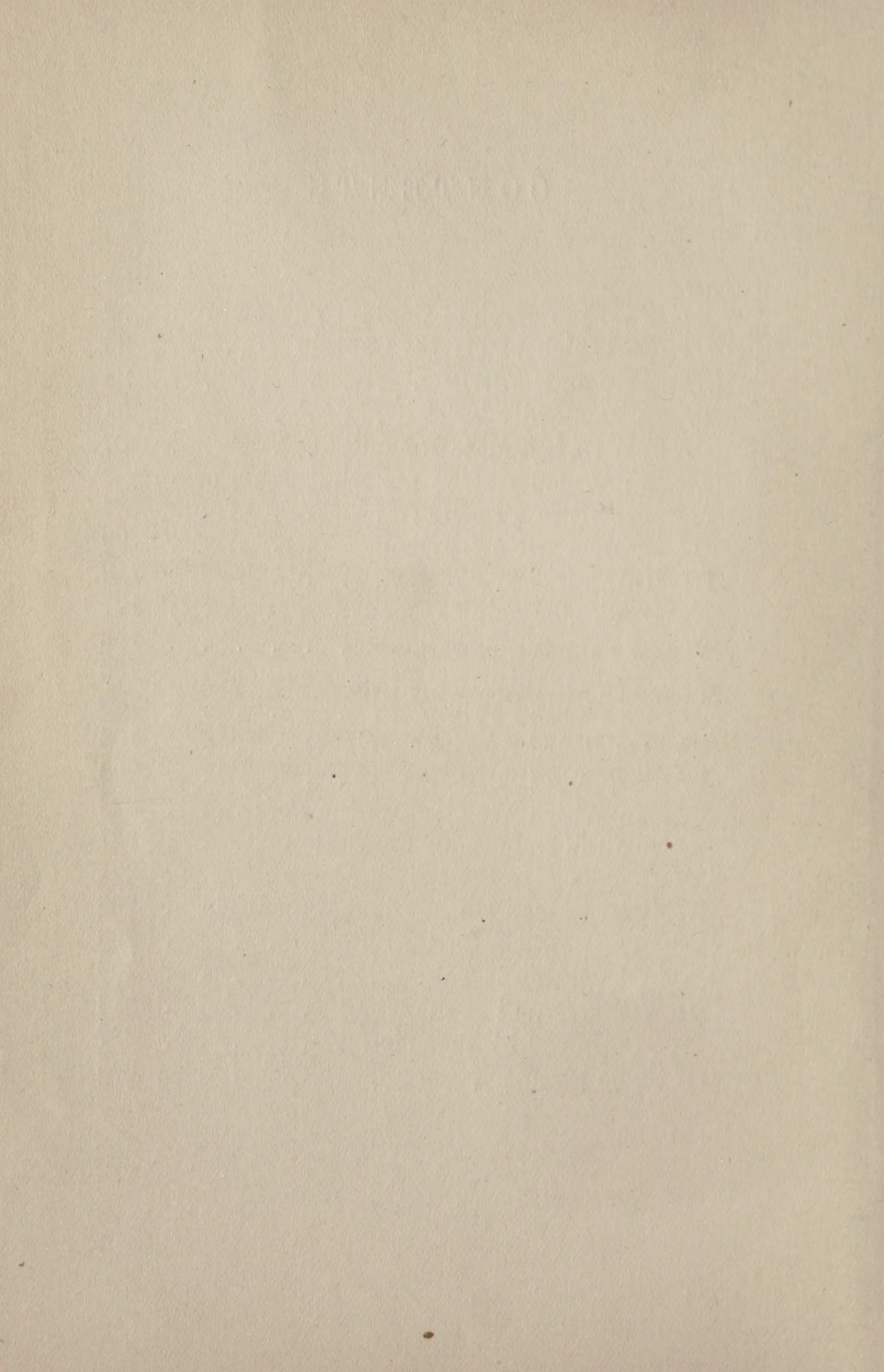
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CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I	I Go In Search of Captain Tucker . . .	9
II	In Which I Defy the Captain . . .	22
III	Left on the Brig	38
IV	A Dastardly Trick	51
V	An Unfortunate Remark	67
VI	In Which I Have My First Taste of a British Prison	84
VII	I Meet a New Friend	99
VIII	Our First Prize	113
IX	An Astonishing Offer	127
X	We Capture a Frigate	146
XI	A Distinguished Passenger on Board . .	166
XII	To Halifax Prison	180
XIII	On Board a British Frigate	194
XIV	I Rejoin the <i>Boston</i>	208
XV	In Which We Capture the <i>Pole</i>	223
XVI	To the Defense of Charleston	237
XVII	Taken Into the British Camp	251
XVIII	The Beacon House Light Expedition . .	266
XIX	We Board a Cartel Ship	283
XX	Charleston is Taken	299
XXI	"The Cruise of the <i>Nine</i> "	313
XXII	Captured by the <i>Hind</i>	327
XXIII	The Escape	345



ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page	
“Mark you, if you miss the craft, you shall receive forty blows”	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
“What I want is a second mate”	82	✓
“Master Dunn, you are my prisoner”	158	✓
He soon came upon the shore, where a boat and four men were evidently awaiting him	270	✓

AUTHOR'S NOTE

“Of those heroic men who were distinguished in the American Revolution on land or sea, the far greater part have been depicted by able pens. Monuments have been erected, biographies have been written, and the elegant historian has adorned their memory with unfading wreaths. * * * But there is one man of no mean rank in the day of struggle—a pioneer of our infant navy—who took more prizes, fought more sea fights, and gained more victories than, with a very few exceptions, any naval hero of the age.”—From Shepard’s *Life of Captain Samuel Tucker*.

“He did his part, and did it nobly, while our navy was in an embryo state, and only consisted of a few armed sloops and schooners, and yet performed such essential service in supplying the destitute army of Washington.”—From *American Almanac*, 1835.

“It is well enough to bring the body of Paul Jones across the ocean and bury it in American soil with appropriate honors. But the nation

should not forget that another man—Captain Samuel Tucker—lies in a neglected grave to-day; yet no man captured more prize ships, or did more to feed and clothe the army of Washington than he.”—From *The Herald*, editorial, 1905.

The incidents of this book are taken largely from the log-book of Captain Tucker, and are intended to picture the stirring times in which he lived, and the thrilling adventures in which he engaged. Midshipman Arthur Dunn, one of Captain Tucker's officers, is the narrator, and his story covers the five years during which his commander played no small part in naval affairs. It is hoped the narrative will arouse in the heart of every reader an admiration for the brave Captain, and rescue from oblivion the name of another of our Continental heroes—the man who did so much to keep the land forces of our Revolutionary struggle supplied with ammunition and stores at the expense of the enemy.

WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN.

IN SHIP AND PRISON

CHAPTER I

I GO IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN TUCKER

I cannot remember the time when I did not love the sea, nor is that strange. I was born in sight of the ocean. My father, and, as for that matter, his father before him, was a sailor. My first recollections are of boats and oars, of vessels and ropes and sails. At fourteen I had made a trip to the Great Banks on a fishing smack and at sixteen my knowledge of the Atlantic coast reached from Newfoundland to

Charleston. Tall for my age, strong and hardy from constant toil and exposure, and familiar with all sorts of sailing craft from a shallop to a ship, I counted myself an able-bodied seaman. I now had one ambition—to voyage to foreign ports.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the single cable which bound me to the homeland was severed. My mother—the only parent I can remember, for my father was lost at sea while I was still a babe—died. I left her in usual health for a voyage to Norfolk. On my return I found her dead and buried. In caring for a neighbor, who was sick with typhus fever, she fell a victim to the disease. A small cottage with its scanty furniture, a few dollars in the care of Squire Sabins, the village lawyer, and her dying message—these were my legacy. It was the message which changed the course of my life, and sent me away from my native town for years. It read:

“My dear Boy:—

But for you I should rejoice over what the doctor just told me—that I have but a few hours to live—for it means a reunion with your dear father, though a separation from you. It is but a change from the presence of one loved one to the presence of the other. Sixteen years I have been with you, fifteen years away from him. Now I go to be with him, and leave you to the care of Him who has promised to be with the fatherless. He will keep you in all your ways.

“Doubtless you know that there is no tie to keep you near home, and will carry out your long cherished wish of visiting other lands. You have my free consent. I was a sailor’s daughter and a sailor’s wife. I believe ‘it is as near to heaven by sea as by land,’ and have no objection, as you long have known, to a sailor son. I only suggest that you go to Marblehead and find Captain Samuel Tucker. He was a friend of your father, and will be your friend and adviser. Possibly he may be willing to give you a berth in his own ship; if not, he may be able to secure a place for you with some other captain as good and trustworthy as himself. This much I am sure he will be willing to do for

you for your father's sake. Never forget the great truths you have learned at my knee, and, living by them, you shall some day join your father and me in heaven. With my best love and a kiss,

Your dying mother,

ELIZABETH DUNN."

Squire Sabins, who had been appointed my guardian, though himself averse to the sea, offered no opposition to my plans, and a week later, with a new sailor's kit and as fine an outfit as a lad of my age ever had, I left for Marblehead to look up Captain Tucker—a man whom I had never seen, but about whom I had heard from childhood, for, as the sole survivor of my father's wreck on the coast of France, he had been the one to bring the tidings of that unfortunate event to my mother. I arrived at the village in the evening, and was left by the stage at Mason's Inn, where I passed the night. Early the next morning, while I waited for the breakfast hour, I went out on the street for a stroll. Of almost the first person I met, an old

fisherman on the way to his nets, I inquired for the residence of the man I was seeking.

“Capt’n Samuel, I ’spose you mean, seein’ how thar ain’t but one Capt’n Tucker here,” he responded. “That big, gabled house, standin’ thar all by itself on Rowland Hill, not far from the bay shore, is whar he lives when to home. But he hain’t thar now. He sailed yisterday from Salem for Lisbon.”

“You are sure of that, sir?” I asked with much chagrin at the thought that I had lost by a single day the man I was anxious to see.

“I orter be,” he answered good-naturedly, “seein’ how my Bill went with him, rated as an able seaman for the fust time, an’ I was over thar to see them off. Bill will make a capt’n yit, ye see if he don’t, for he’s with the smartest skipper that sails from these parts, who’s promised to do the square thing by the lad.”

I was in no state of mind to dispute his assertion, or to listen further to a recital of his family affairs, which he seemed disposed to

make. Thanking him for his information, though it had not been to my liking, I turned abruptly and went back to the tavern, where the disagreeable news I had received was confirmed by the inn-keeper while I was at breakfast.

I arose from the table out of sorts with myself and uncertain what course I had better follow. I knew I could go back to my native town and reclaim the place I had given up on the coasting schooner. But I did not want to do that, now that I had bidden farewell to all my friends there with the expectation that I should not see them again for months, perhaps not for years. I could not afford to wait, without employment, until Captain Tucker returned. Could I find some other ship in the harbor, or over at Salem, on which I might secure a berth?

Debating this question with myself, I tramped about the town for several hours, visiting the cliffs, the beach, the wharves, the old powder house and Sewall fort. Occasionally I made

inquiries about the seventy vessels of various kinds which I could count in the harbor, but while I found several opportunities to ship on a fisher or coaster, I did not find a single vacancy on a vessel bound across the ocean. Towards noon I reached Red Stone Cove, where there lay, stranded and broken in two, a long boat, perhaps once belonging to an East India-man. On the stern part of this disabled craft I at length sat down and soliloquized:

“Evidently there’s no chance for me here, and after dinner I’ll hire a boat and row across to Salem, and try my luck there. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate. If not, I can come back here, and take a berth on a fisher until Captain Tucker comes home.”

Little thinking the latter was the wiser course for me to follow by all odds, I arose to retrace my steps to the inn. As I did so I noticed that a yawl had rounded the opposite point, and was coming into the cove, apparently crossing over from Salem. It occurred to me that here might be a chance for me to secure

a passage over to that town in the afternoon, so I waited the arrival of the boat. Soon it was near enough for me to see that it was pulled by two men in sailor garb, while a third, whose dress and appearance suggested he might be a ship's officer, sat in the stern. In another moment the light craft touched the beach, and the last-named gentleman stepped ashore. As I went forward to accost him, I heard him say to his companions:

“Remain here, lads, until I return. I shall not keep you waiting long if I have good luck in finding the man I am after.”

“Aye! Aye! Capt'n,” they replied. “You'll find us here when you get back.”

Those words gave directions to the form of my salutation, as I reached his side. Touching my hat, I said:

“I beg your pardon, Captain, but are you just over from Salem?”

“Yes,” he answered, a little gruffly, I thought, “but what is that to you?”

“Do you know of any vessel over there that will soon sail for Portugal?”

I added that last word to my query, for it had suddenly occurred to me that, if I could reach that country, I might join Captain Tucker over there as well as on this side of the ocean.

“I do,” he admitted, “but why do you ask?” and for the first time he looked me carefully over.

“I’d like to ship on her,” I cried joyfully. “Will you kindly tell me her name, and where I can find her captain?”

“I happen to be her master,” he responded affably. “Ebenezer Weston, of the brig *Young Phoenix*, bound from Salem to Oporto within a few hours,” he added with growing politeness. “Now tell me who you are and why you wish to go to Portugal.”

I promptly did so, without a single interruption or word of comment from him until my story was finished. Then he remarked:

“Arthur Dunn, son of Captain Thomas Dunn,

and seeking for a place with Captain Samuel Tucker. That's all in your favor, young man. Now tell me what experience you have had as a sailor—what do you know of a brig and the handling of her?"

Modestly I told him, saying I hoped to be rated as an able seaman on the vessel which shipped me.

We had been walking up the beach as we talked, and were now out of the hearing of the sailors who remained by the yawl, a fact Captain Weston was careful to note before he spoke again.

"I can do better than that for you, Arthur Dunn," he then said, "if you think you can fill the place. What I want is a second mate. I came over here to look for a young fellow whom I know slightly and whom I believed would answer for the berth. He may be here, and he may not. He might be willing to ship with me and he might not. What is more important, you are here, and are ready to go. Now why can't we strike a bargain?"

“I would do my very best, sir,” I stammered, hardly believing it possible the man could be in earnest in his proposal.

“You are rather young for the position, I admit,” he said more to himself than to me, “but you have had more experience at sea than the man I was after, and the stock you came from, as I happen to know, is excellent. Your father and grandfather were born sailors, and I believe it will prove so in your case. Anyway, I’m willing to take the risk, and will tell you what I’ll do. If you will sign for the voyage over and back, and not join Captain Tucker until he’s home again, which will be about the same time we heave into port, I’ll rate you at forty-eight shillings as a starter. How will that do?”

“I certainly shall accept the offer, and thank you for it, too,” I answered heartily. “When and where shall I report to you?”

He thought a moment; then replied: “There’s hardly room in the yawl for you and your traps, and it would be something of a job to

tote the latter down here. So you'd better go back to the tavern, get your dinner, and take the afternoon stage over to Salem. Let the driver leave you at Long Wharf. I'll have a boat there for you. This completes my crew, and we'll sail on the morning tide."

"I'll be on hand, sir," I promised, and turned towards the village. Before I reached the bank above the beach, however, he called out:

"Hey there, Master Dunn, I'm usually pretty close mouthed about my affairs, especially here in this town, so you needn't say anything to anyone about whom you have shipped with. Just get your luggage and come over to the brig."

"Very well, sir," I answered, thinking little then about the strangeness of this request.

A rapid walk of ten minutes took me back to the tavern, where I got dinner, settled my bill and clambered onto the top of the huge coach that soon rattled up to the door.

"When shall we see you again?" asked the courteous inn-keeper, following me out to the

stage, with an evident desire to learn more of me and my visit to the town than he had yet been able to ascertain.

“When I come back with Captain Tucker,” I retorted, little knowing how true were my words. “I’ve decided to go over the ocean after him.”

“Your business with him must be important, then,” he muttered as the great vehicle drove away.

Something more than an hour later I was on Long Wharf where I found Captain Weston had been as good as his word. The two men who had been with him at Marblehead were waiting for me with the yawl, and, loading in my kit, they took me swiftly out to as trim a brig as I had ever seen. Mounting to her deck I was warmly greeted by the man whom I, at that moment, counted my best friend, but who was to prove my greatest enemy before that voyage was over.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH I DEFY THE CAPTAIN

“Here you are safe on board the brig, Master Dunn, and in good season,” Captain Weston said as he grasped my hand. “I’m glad of it, for I’ve changed my mind since I left you, and we’ll heave anchor and be off tonight. First of all, however, let me introduce you to my first mate. Master Thomas Marshall, this is our second officer, Master Arthur Dunn.”

As he spoke, a young fellow, who looked scarcely older than myself, though I learned later that he was just over twenty-one, stepped forward and offered me his hand.

“I’m glad to see you, Master Dunn,” he said in a hearty way that quite won my heart, “and I welcome you on board the *Young Phoenix*.”

Possibly my face revealed my surprise at finding the executive officer of the vessel but a stripling, for as I took Master Marshall’s hand, the Captain remarked: “Yes, it’s the *Young Phoenix*—young in name and young in age, for she is only three years old, and what is more fitting than that she should have young mates? Ha! ha! ha!” and he laughed quite boisterously over his attempt at pleasantry.

For myself, I thought his laughter unseemly, and for some reason, though I could not then have told why, it grated on my ears. But the irritation I experienced was forgotten or overlooked the next moment, for, turning to two sailors who stood near, Captain Weston directed them to take my luggage down into the cabin. Then, speaking to me, he added:

“And come right along yourself, Master Dunn. I’ll show you your quarters, and have you sign the ship’s articles, and explain to you

about the watches. Then we'll be ready to get under weigh."

In five minutes these preliminaries were attended to, in ten minutes more the anchor was hoisted, and, with all sails set, the brig was standing out of the harbor. The breeze was a good one, the vessel proved herself a good sailer, and before sundown we were out of sight of land.

I do not imagine there was ever a more complacent lad than myself when I took the second watch at eight bells, and found myself for the time in sole command of the vessel. The night was a beautiful one; the stars showed bright and clear in the deep vault over my head; the wind—a west one—bore us rapidly along our course; the brig responded to every touch of the wheel like a thing of life; and my own feelings were in keeping with my surroundings.

I walked the quarter-deck with a slow and dignified tread, occasionally pausing to direct some member of my watch to tauten a rope, or ease up a sail, or to keep a sharp lookout for-

ward. Perhaps these commands were not always necessary, but I issued them partly to impress my men with the feeling that I, though young, was equal to the place I had been called to fill, and partly that I might test the working of the vessel and familiarize myself with her peculiarities. For, though you may not know it, each ship has her own whims and moods, and only he who is thoroughly acquainted with them can have full mastery over her.

So the minutes rolled away, each new discovery about the brig increasing my complacency and giving shape to my thoughts. Here it was less than forty hours since I had left home, and, though I had not found Captain Tucker, I was in a better berth than he would have been likely to give or find for me, thanks to my fortunate meeting with Captain Weston. My quarters on the vessel were all I could ask; the meal I had eaten at dusk had revealed the fact that the captain was a good provider; the first officer, Master Marshall, appeared to be a good sort of a fellow and one I could easily get

along with. On the whole, I was better off than I had even dared to hope or expect.

So I mused, and among my musings was one that took the form of a resolve: Captain Weston should have no occasion to regret the confidence he had put in me. I would do all that was possible to win his approbation, until I had been advanced to the position of first officer. From that it would be an easy step to the command of some vessel—and when that place was reached I could go back to my native village with pride and elation. Anyway, no more fore-castle for me. I was in the cabin, and there I would stay until I was Captain Dunn.

I make mention of these thoughts here, for I was soon to learn the lesson that there is a vast difference between an idle fancy and the stern reality. In fact, my complacency received a rude shock almost immediately. Walking along to Bill Howard, the oldest and most experienced sailor on board the brig, who was taking his trick at the wheel, I asked:

“How does she handle, Bill? Does she mind her helm readily?”

“I’ve seed them that does better,” he growled.

“I don’t know about that, Bill,” I retorted. “I call this a pretty fine craft.”

“She’s well ’nough, I ’spose,” he admitted with some show of reluctance. “At the same time Bill Howard wishes he wasn’t on board of her.”

“Why, what’s the trouble?” I persisted. “It can’t be they don’t give you enough to eat. I saw the supper sent down to you tonight. You don’t often get better on shipboard.”

“I wants no better, if it only continues,” he replied.

“What makes you think it won’t, Bill?” I questioned, thinking he might have been along with Captain Weston on a previous voyage and had some revelation to make. I had known of skippers who always fed their crews well until they got them out to sea. It might be this that would prove to be the weak point of the man

with whom I had shipped so unceremoniously. But his reply was a question.

“I beg your pardon, sir, but have you sailed on the brig afore?”

“No, Bill, I haven’t. Have you?”

“Never, sir! and I can’t find anyone from fust mate to cabin-boy that has.”

He paused a moment, as though giving me time to take in the assertion; then he continued:

“You’s young, sir, but I can see you are a sailor. Now let me ax you a question. Does it look well for a Capt’n when goin’ out of his home port to have to ship all new men? Bill Howard says no, ~~an~~’ he’d never shipped on the brig had he knowed it. Mark my word, sir, I’m no croaker, but I’ll bet ye a month’s pay we’ll both wish we were ashore ’fore we make port again. An’ ’twon’t be the craft, sir; ’twill be the ol’ man.”

“Oh! I guess it won’t turn out as bad as that, Bill,” I replied with a laugh, and walked away.

But the conceit had been knocked out of me by his words. I was not so sure that I had been

wise to jump so quickly at Captain Weston's flattering offer. I was not so certain I wished to remain on the brig longer than for that voyage. And I built no more air castles during that watch.

A few minutes before the time for the watches to change Master Marshall came on deck. Surprised at his early appearance, I went forward to meet him. As I reached his side, dark as it was, I could readily detect that he was troubled about something.

"Master Dunn," he began immediately, "may I ask if you are well acquainted with Captain Weston? Do you know anything about his habits?"

"No, sir," I answered with a sinking heart. "I never saw him or heard of him until about three hours before I put my foot on the brig."

"Then I'm not the only fool on board," he remarked quickly, and I thought he said it with considerable satisfaction. "My acquaintance with him isn't twenty hours old."

He was silent a moment, and then as though some explanation was necessary went on:

“I belong in Eastport, Maine. My last berth was as second mate on a brig in the West India trade. We were wrecked a week ago, and a Salem craft picked us up and brought us in there. I’d hardly stepped ashore when I met Captain Weston. He called me by name, said he knew of me, and, being in want of a first officer, would give me the place if I could arrange to sail at once. Like yourself, I’m ambitious to get ahead; it seemed too good a chance to lose, and, as he was willing to advance enough for my outfit, I promptly accepted the offer. In two or three hours I made my purchases, mailed a letter home, telling of my good luck, and came aboard. As soon as I was settled in the cabin, the Captain went over to Marblehead after you.”

“Not after me,” I interrupted, and then I explained how I came to be shipped on the vessel as second mate.

“It looks bad,” he remarked when I was

done. "Captains don't usually pick up their officers that way. But doubtless some of the crew are old hands, and we can learn from them about the Captain."

"No," I declared, and then I told him of the conversation I had just held with Bill Howard.

"It's worse than I thought!" he ejaculated. "New officers and new men throughout!"

"Why, what have you discovered?" I inquired, coming at last to the question which I had for some time been eager to ask.

"You'll see for yourself when you go below," he replied, "though I don't mind telling you. He's down there drinking like a fish, and is already so he can't tell whether he's afloat or ashore."

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse than that," I said with a sigh of relief, "for I'm sure you and I can manage the brig."

"It isn't that that troubles me," he responded quickly. "But you see he's captain whether drunk or sober, and you can never tell what freak a drunken man will take. No, Mas-

ter Dunn, we are in for it, and must stand together so far as we can for our own protection and for the protection of the crew."

"You may count on me," I promised, and as the watches were now changing I started for the cabin.

Once there, I found Master Marshall had not overstated the situation. The room was filled with the odor of rum, and a glass and bottle, both empty, sat upon the table, while the skipper was lying on the floor, now entirely overcome with the liquor he had drunk; and there he still lay four hours later when I again went on deck.

It was not, in fact, until the next day at noon that he came on deck, and I never knew a greater change in the appearance of any person within the same length of time than there was in him. From the neatly dressed, affable gentleman who had received me as I stepped on board the brig, he had now become the ill-kept, blear-eyed, irascible sot. Ignoring Master Marshall and myself, though both of us were near

the wheel, he walked rapidly down to the galley, where the cook was issuing food to the men. Confronting that personage just as he came through the door of the caboose, his hands full of dishes, he angrily demanded:

“Who told you to give all that grub to those land-lubbers?”

“You did, sir,” stammered the man in great alarm. “Indeed, sir, I haven’t given them a single thing more than you told me.”

“Take that for your impudence,” the irate officer cried, and with his huge fist he struck the fellow a blow which sent him sprawling down the deck, while the dishes he carried rolled to the opposite rail.

“Now, sir,” he shouted as the unfortunate cook regained his feet, “hear me! You are to give the men just one-half what you’ve been doing until further orders, and mark! if I catch you adding a single pound to that, I’ll tie you to the mast and give you twenty lashes with the cat.”

“I’ll do just as you say, sir,” the man meekly

promised, as he began to pick up his stray utensils.

That was the beginning of the brutal incidents we were called to witness or experience through the remainder of our voyage. I have no heart to write them out in detail here. But let me say I have followed the sea for well nigh sixty years now, sailing on all kinds of vessels and with all sorts of masters, but I never saw the equal of Captain Weston for meanness or brutality. The men were starved and beaten and worked nearly to death. I am sure there would have been more than one fatality but for the courage and tact of Master Marshall. When the captain was in his drunken stupors, he would issue extra food to the men on his own responsibility, and so make up to them in a measure that from which they were unjustly deprived. In more than one instance, when the commander in some ugly mood had ordered a sailor to the lash, he would contrive to put off the punishment until later, and, on the skipper's returning once more to his cups, the man

was allowed to go. But there were scores of times when he could do nothing, for the Captain liked to do the lashing with his own hands.

For a wonder I escaped any direct altercation with the Captain until we had sighted the Bayona islands off the coast of Spain. It was early morning, the sky was overcast, and a heavy wind was blowing from the north-east. I was in charge of the deck and had sent Bill Howard up the mainmast to belay a rope which had broken loose. He completed his task, and started on his return to the deck. Just then a sudden gust of wind took off his tarpaulin, and sent it scaling toward the cabin hatch. It reached there as the Captain poked his head out for a squint at the weather, and struck him in the face with a force that must have stung him severely. With an oath he leaped to the deck, and, discovering Bill bareheaded, he turned upon him with the fury of a maniac.

“You low-lived cur,” he hissed. “I’ll teach you better than to throw your hat at me! Here,

Master Dunn, tie the villain to the mast, and I'll give him forty blows with the cat."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was the wind that took off Bill's hat," I started to explain.

"So you will excuse his devilish trick, hey?" he shouted even more furiously. "Well, let me tell you he shall be whipped, and what is more, you shall give him the blows yourself. Here, men, tie that fellow to the mast there."

The last words were addressed to two sailors who stood near him and they sullenly obeyed.

"Bring me the cat," the angry officer commanded when poor Bill, with his back stripped bare, had been bound to the stick.

One of the sailors soon appeared with the ugly lash, and the skipper, turning to me, remarked with a satanic grin:

"Here, take this, Master Dunn, and for every blow you give that does not draw blood on yonder fellow's back, you yourself shall receive two."

My blood boiled within me, but I answered him calmly enough:

“Never, sir! You may lash me, kill me, as you please, but Bill is innocent and not a blow will I strike.”

There was an instant hush, as the sailors, aghast at my temerity, held their breath, and the wind itself lulled as though anxious to know the outcome of my defiance. Then with the roar of a maddened bull, Captain Weston leaped toward me.

CHAPTER III

LEFT ON THE BRIG

Clenching his fist as he came, he struck at me with all his tremendous strength, and, had he hit me, I am certain I should have been killed, but I was on the alert, and jumped to one side in time to avoid the blow. At the same instant the wind came again with great violence, the brig suddenly lurched, and my assailant pitched headlong against the starboard rail, striking his head with a force that knocked him senseless. The fact that he was attacking me did not prevent my hastening to his assistance. But quick as I was, another was before me. It

was the first mate. He had come on deck in time to witness the skipper's fall, and was already kneeling over the unconscious man when I reached his side. Tearing open the Captain's waistcoat, he placed his hand over the heart, announcing a moment later:

"He's only stunned, Master Dunn. I'll have him taken down below, and do all I can for him. But you'd better keep out of his way for a while, and he may forget the whole affair." Then rising, he directed two of the sailors to carry him down into the cabin. "Liberate Bill," he added as he turned to follow them.

I was not slow to obey that order, and as I assisted the old tar in putting on his shirt and jacket, he said:

"I'm obleeged to ye, sir, for what ye've done, but I fear ye haven't seen the last of it, an' I'd rather ben flogged than got ye into trouble."

"It's all right, Bill," I assured him. "Come what may, I shall never whip an innocent man. I should have done the same for any of the crew."

“I knows it, sir, but Bill Howard won’t forget ye’ve done it for him, as ye’ll see,” and he went back to his station.

A half-hour later Master Marshall returned to the deck, saying:

“He wasn’t hurt any to speak of. There’s a big swelling on the top of his head, and he’s a little dazed over what has happened. But it don’t prevent him from going back to his rum. He’s pouring it down again as if it were water, and in a short time will be drunker than ever. I only hope he’ll keep so until we are in port. Then you can light out for Lisbon and join Captain Tucker. It will be safer than to stay here and face his anger when he does come to himself.”

“I won’t do that unless I have to,” I answered stoutly. “I’m as ready to do my full duty by Captain Weston as ever, but I won’t aid him in abusing innocent men,” and I explained how it was that Bill Howard had aroused the skipper’s wrath.

“I knew it was something of the kind,” he

returned warmly, "for I was on deck in time to hear what you said. But you never know what freak a drunken man will take. He may forget this whole affair, as I have intimated, or he may hold the whole matter against you until he's had his revenge. My advice is to leave the brig as soon as we are in port."

"Why cannot we appeal to the consul?" I questioned. "Surely he will take our word against that of a drunken captain."

"He may not give us the chance to make any complaint against him," he replied, "but we'll see. I only fear he will vent his anger in some way on you before we can make any move to prevent it."

I tried to think that he was altogether too apprehensive of coming trouble, though I confess I finished my watch with much heaviness of heart. Then, having determined to face the worst immediately, I went down to my quarters as usual for a much needed rest. No sooner had I entered the cabin, however, than I found

for the present at least I had nothing to fear, as the captain lay in a drunken stupor.

Throwing myself into my berth, I tossed about for some time, thinking over the incidents of the last hour or two. It seemed therefore as though I had scarcely closed my eyes when there came a call: "All hands on deck!"

I leaped to my feet, ran quickly to the ladder, noticing as I ran that the captain was still lying there in the same condition in which I had found him on entering the cabin, and clambered to the deck. A single glance told me why we had been called. The storm, which was brewing during my last watch, now raged in full force and the brig, under shortened sail, was staggering along before it, while the huge waves were chasing her and threatening to engulf her.

Master Marshall met me at the hatch.

"How's the Captain?" he inquired somewhat anxiously. "Is he of any use to us?"

"Not the slightest," I replied. "He don't even know that I have been into the cabin."

"Then, Master Dunn, we shall have to fight

out the storm for ourselves," he declared. "That is why I have called you to the deck. You must share the responsibility with me. What more would you do than I have done?"

I ran my eye over the craft. All her topsails were taken in, but she still carried her mainsail, her foresail, and her jibs. Under these she dove her bow into the waves. It was evident she was too heavy forward to ride easily under the gale, so I said promptly:

"I'd take in every stitch of canvas but the jib and mainsail, sir, and reef those down to just enough to keep her steady. Then I'd ease her off a point or two from her course; it'll keep her from diving into the seas that are threatening to swamp her."

"It'll keep her off shore and give us more sea room," he admitted, "and as neither of us is acquainted in here, it isn't a bad idea;" and then he gave the orders necessary to put my suggestions into execution.

For hours we kept on under the reefed canvas, the storm scarcely changing in its violence.

Drenched to the skin, chilled to the bone, hungry from long fasting, we were in poor condition to meet the night which was now fast approaching. Since noon our hatches had been lashed down, and we knew nothing of what was going on in the cabin. If the skipper had aroused sufficiently to realize we were struggling with the tempest, he gave no signs of it.

We looked for no help from him. Still, assistance was to be providentially furnished us.

“Sloop ahoy!” shouted the foreward lookout.

“Where away?” asked Master Marshall, hastening towards the bow.

“Two points off our larboard, and bearing straight down this way, sir,” was the reply.

“She’s a pilot boat, sir,” Bill Howard declared a moment later to me. “I’ve seen ’em too many times in here to be mistaken.”

He was right, for within five minutes she had run near enough for her commander to hail us in English and ask if we wished him to send a man on board.

“Yes, sir,” responded Master Marshall at the top of his lungs. Then he said to me in lower tones: “This is a Godsend, Master Dunn, though I don’t see how he can put a man aboard of us. No boat can live in this sea.”

But the Portuguese commander was equal to the occasion. Working up under our lee, he tossed a rope to our deck, the other end of which had already been made fast to the waist of the man he was going to send over to us; and no sooner did this fellow see we had caught the line than he plunged into the sea and swam vigorously for us. We speedily pulled him on board, well drenched but none the worse for his voluntary bath. He could speak enough English to make us understand we were only about thirty miles out of Oporto, into which he could take us, notwithstanding the darkness and storm. Greatly relieved, Master Marshall surrendered the command of the brig to him, and under his orders we were soon headed for that city.

Slowly the hours wore away, and as they

passed the wind decreased somewhat in its violence, and the sea became less boisterous. It was evident the storm was abating, and new hope filled the hearts of all. Then when the pilot at length declared we were approaching the outer harbor of our desired haven, a cheer broke from the lips of the worn and weary sailors. Five minutes later, however, the newborn hope was suddenly changed to the gravest anxiety.

“Breakers!” called out the bowman, and the pilot himself ran forward at the cry.

“It’s long reef, off harbor,” he said a minute later in his broken English. “Drifted too far south; I soon clear them though.”

But he could not keep his promise. An adverse current as well as an adverse wind was against us, and soon he declared our only hope was to anchor until morning, when with a flood tide and daylight to guide us, we might sweep over the reef. So we cast over our anchor, took in all sail, and anxiously waited for the morning.

But it was not an easy place for a vessel to ride, and before long we discovered we were dragging our anchor, and making straight for the breakers.

“Must take boats—only hope,” the pilot announced.

Before Master Marshall could issue a single order, however, there came a loud rap on the cabin hatch near which I was standing. Throwing off the fastenings, I pushed the cover back and out stepped Captain Weston.

In the darkness we could obtain little idea of his appearance, but his voice sounded out loud and clear, as he asked:

“What’s the trouble? Where are we? Why have I not been called?”

It was a rather embarrassing situation, but ignoring the last question, I replied:

“We are drifting on the long reef off Oporto harbor, and the pilot says our only hope is to take to the boats.”

“The pilot says so? Where is he? How came he here?” the skipper next demanded.

Master Marshall kindly saved me from further reply.

“Here he is, Captain Weston,” he said, bringing the Portuguese forward. “He’ll tell you all about our situation.”

Confronted by the pilot, and, apparently now recognizing the danger the brig was in, the captain made no further allusions to our neglect of him, but listened attentively to what the fellow had to say.

Though dumbfounded that he was now for the first time brought face to face with the real commander of the vessel, the pilot made a short and straight explanation of the situation, ending:

“No time to spare, Capt’n, we soon be on reef.”

Captain Weston had but to listen to understand the force of these words. Already above the howling of the wind could be heard the noise of the waves dashing on the rocks, and every moment the sound grew louder.

“Clear away the boats!” he commanded.

“Master Marshall, you and your watch may take the first one. Let the pilot go with you. Master Dunn, see that the second one is made ready for you and your men. I’ll go with you.”

His words were calm and dignified, and I felt sure that in the common danger that threatened us he had forgotten any animosity he might have felt towards me. So I sprang to my station, and saw that our yawl was lowered into the tossing sea.

Master Marshall was first off, clearing from the brig’s side without mishap, and then my men tumbled into their waiting craft.

“Ready, sir,” I reported to the skipper, who still stood near the cabin as though loath to leave his vessel.

“All right,” he responded pleasantly, coming promptly over to the rail. “You are younger and sprier than I, Master Dunn, and so I’ll swing down first, and you may follow.”

“Certainly, sir,” I answered, and watched him as he disappeared in the darkness down the rope. I even took hold of the line to steady

it, for it was swaying violently with every heave of the boat.

A moment later I knew he had reached the yawl in safety, for the cord was relieved of his weight, and so I swung myself over the rail to follow him. The next instant the rope parted below my feet and I was left dangling in the air. For a minute I knew not what to do, then thinking if the line had given away at the stern of the craft, her bow was probably still holding fast, I drew myself up as best I could to the deck, and hurried over to the other fastening. Swinging for the second time over the rail, I endeavored to lower myself down to the yawl, but as I did so I became aware of two things: this rope was also loose, and someone else as well as myself was clinging to it. Before I had recovered from my astonishment at these discoveries, the voice of Bill Howard cried out just below me:

“Go back, sir! For God’s sake, go back, sir! The Capt’n has cut you loose!”

CHAPTER IV

A DASTARDLY TRICK

It was neither the time nor the place to question this astounding announcement, so I drew myself back to the deck of the brig as best I could, and the next moment Bill Howard landed beside me.

“What is it you say, Bill?” I now demanded. “The Captain cut me loose? Then how come you here? Tell me all about it,” for though I knew Captain Weston was angry with me, I could hardly believe he would vent his spite in an act which imperiled my life.

“It’s jest as I tell ye, Master Dunn,” the old

sailor began. "I was a slidin' down the bow line when I heerd him tell ye to let him go fust. Now 't isn't nateral for a Capt'n to leave a stranded ship 'fore his men, an' I smelt mice 't once. So when my feet touched the boat I stayed right thar, holdin' on to the rope. His feet hadn't more than struck the stern when I felt that end of the craft swingin' off, an' I knew what he was up to, an' 'spected to hear ye go chunk into the water. I let go the line an' leaned over the side of the boat ready to grab ye when ye struck. But ye didn't come, an' then I knew ye'd gone back to the deck an' would come down the other rope. So I rose to my feet to catch hold of it agin, an' jest then the Capt'n calls out: 'We are all here, lads, clear away.' Jack Slade was next to me, an' hearin' the command, he whips out his knife an' cuts the line 'fore I could say a word. I caught it though, an' tried to hold the boat thar till ye could climb down, but the waves swept her out from under me quicker'n a flash, an' all I could do was to tell ye to go back."

I grasped the honest fellow's hand, saying with much emotion:

"It was kind of you, Bill, to try to thwart the Captain's purpose, but you have lost your only chance of escape by it. You'd better left me to my fate."

"Not by a long way!" he retorted emphatically. "I told ye Bill Howard wouldn't forget your kindness, an' I've come back to help ye out of this scrape."

"How?" I asked incredulously. "We are drawing nearer the reef every moment, and once we strike, it will be all up with the vessel and with us."

"We hain't goin' on any reef tonight," he persisted. "I thought it all out while holdin' on to that line. Thar's another anchor in the hold. We'll get it out an' down, an' 'twill hold us till high tide. Then we'll cut the cables an' go straight over the reef into the harbor. A vessel did it here much as ten years ago. I heerd 'em tell 'bout it when I was here on the *Sally Ann* from New Bedford."

They say a drowning man will catch at a straw, and I certainly was given new hope by my companion's words. Together we went forward, got off the hatch, and with much difficulty hoisted out the anchor, though we shipped considerable water while at the job. To bend on a cable and carry it astern, where we had decided to put it out, was an easier task. But as we were about to throw the iron into the sea, I suddenly let go of it, crying out:

"Look quick, Bill. We are no nearer the reef than we were a half hour ago. I believe the anchor we already have out has caught and is holding."

He glanced toward the reef, and then, letting go his own hold on the spare anchor, answered joyously:

"Ye are right, Master Dunn, an' we can keep this iron to hold us after we are over the reef."

Five, ten minutes, we stood there watching, ready to put out the second anchor if it were needed. The darkness was so dense we could not see far away, but our ears helped where

our eyes failed, and the sound of the dashing waves grew no louder. At length convinced that the brig was no longer drifting, we crept under the lee of the cabin, and waited with what patience we could for the flood tide.

We had only one way of telling when it was safe for us to venture across the reef—as the water grew in depth the sound of the breakers lessened. When, therefore, their noise had practically ceased, we crawled out of our retreat and went over to the stern rail.

“Will it do to cut loose now?” I inquired.

“I dunno,” Bill replied. “We want all the water under us we can get, but won’t want to wait till the tide slacks. How long d’ye ’spose we’ve been here?”

“Four hours,” I answered, making the best guess I could.

The old sailor did not question my estimate. “Then the tide won’t be clear for two hours yet,” he responded. “We’d better wait a while longer, I reck’n.”

We crept back to our shelter, and, in order

to form some idea of the passing moments, I counted slowly to myself. My comrade evidently proposed to leave all the responsibility of deciding the lapse of time to me, for he said nothing until I announced:

“An hour has gone by, Bill.”

“Then we’ll start,” he said. “If ye’ll take the wheel, I’ll go forward, an’ cut the cable.”

I went aft, loosened the fastenings of the wheel, and stood ready to head the brig for the reef as soon as she was free. The next minute, like a race horse, she whirled to the larboard under a mighty gust of wind, and dashed away. Before I could get her bow around we were on the reef, and a grating sound told that her keel was grazing the rocks below. It was only momentary, however, for a huge billow caught her, and lifted her clear of the obstruction before she could pound a hole in her bottom, and on and over the great barrier we swept unharmed.

By this time I had the craft headed for the harbor, and the creaking of cords and the flut-

tering of canvas forward told me that Bill, single handed, was trying to put sail enough on her to steady her to her course. He must have succeeded for she soon became easy and sped on before the wind straight for the town, the glimmer of whose lights I could now faintly see.

My only fear now was that we might strike some sunken ledge, since I knew nothing of the waters before me, or run aground on some shallow bank. But of this fear I was soon relieved, for Bill came aft and on reaching my side, said:

“Let me take her, sir. I’ve been in here afore, an’ reckon I can put her where she’ll ride easy till mornin’.”

Gladly I gave up the wheel to him, and busied myself getting our remaining anchor ready to throw overboard when we were in a place of safety. Steadily the waters grew less boisterous, then the wind blew less violently, and I knew we were getting behind the headlands which enclosed the harbor. The lights of the city also gradually became more distinct, and

after a while we began to pass vessels which were out-riding the gale in safety.

I turned to my comrade. "Had we not better anchor soon?" I queried.

"If you say so, sir," he answered promptly, "but I'm sure I can take the brig a mile nearer town."

I made no objection to this, and ten or fifteen minutes later he handed the wheel over to me, saying:

"I'll go forward now, sir, an' let down the jib. Then we'll put over the anchor."

These tasks were soon accomplished, and then we went to the caboose, built a fire, and got what might be called our supper and breakfast in one, for we had eaten nothing since the previous noon. The meal finished, I asked Bill to go into the cabin with me for a much needed rest. But he flatly refused, saying:

"It's no place for the likes of me, sir; I'll just tumble into my old berth, while ye take the cabin. I'll call ye, if I wake fust."

It seemed as though I had barely closed my

eyes when he aroused me. "It's broad daylight, sir, an' our boats are comin' back to us," he explained.

I sprang up and followed him back to the deck. The storm had broken, the sun was at least two hours high, and there, between us and the town and coming down toward us, were our two boats with their crews.

Silently Bill and I awaited their approach. I do not know what his thoughts were, but for myself I could not help wondering what would be Captain Weston's greeting. I hoped the saving of the brig would appease his animosity, and we might now be friends. For the sake of peace I was ready to overlook his base attempt to leave me on the stranded brig. In this spirit I turned towards him, as he mounted the deck, and waited somewhat anxiously his first words.

"So the brig drifted over the reef after all," he remarked not unpleasantly.

"We cut her loose at high tide, and sailed her over," I answered, and in a few more words ac-

quainted him with our experiences during the previous night.

“Lost her anchor, did you?” he commented when I had finished the tale, and I thought his tones were growing sharp and crusty.

“We thought it better to lose that than to lose the brig,” I responded as calmly as I could under the resentment which was welling up in my heart.

“Hump!” he ejaculated. Then he turned to Master Marshall, saying: “Send all hands to their quarters, sir, and give them their rations. Then call me,” and he stalked away to his cabin.

The moment he was out of sight the first mate grabbed my hand. Wringing it heartily, he said:

“You have done a big night’s work, Master Dunn. The whole city is talking about it. But tell me how you and Bill came to be left on the brig.”

“I think I’d better leave that for the Captain to explain,” I replied drily.

But Bill Howard had no such notion, and at

a look from Master Marshall blurted out the whole story. As he proceeded the face of the mate grew grave, and when the old sailor was done, he turned to me, declaring:

“This is a serious matter, Master Dunn. To desert you at such a time was little short of outright murder. We must report it to the consul.”

“Let us wait a while,” I suggested. “If Captain Weston only treats me fairly now, I am willing to let bygones be bygones.”

“I suppose that would be the easiest way out of the unpleasantness,” he admitted, “but unless you are squarely dealt with, I am ready to lay the matter before the consul. Remember this.”

Thanking him for his offer, I asked about his own experiences the night before.

“There is little to tell,” he answered. “The pilot was able to direct us somewhat, and after several hours of fighting with the wind and the waves we reached the inner bay and were safe. Landing about midnight, the old Portuguese

took us to a sailor's inn, where we were cared for. Captain Weston had a harder time, and it was nearly morning before he reached the shore, a mile or two below the town. Staying there until light, he came to the city, where he finally located us. Scarcely had he joined us when the pilot, who had left us to go to his own home, ran back with the astonishing news that the brig was anchored in the harbor. The captain wouldn't believe it until his own eyes had rested on the craft and then the way he ordered us to our boats and started us off here would have made you laugh. I had, of course, learned that you and Bill had been left on the vessel, but had supposed it was because the second boat broke away from her side before you could board it."

Two hours later the captain had the anchor weighed and the brig brought within a few cable lengths of the pier, alongside of which he expected in a few days to lay her. Then he went on shore, and was gone until night.

I was in charge of the deck when he returned,

and with a slight nod in recognition of my presence he passed on to his cabin. He did not appear again until about nine o'clock the following morning. Then he came over to the rail where I stood looking off towards a British frigate which was anchored a half mile farther off shore than the brig. There were many signs of activity on board the man-of-war, and I was confident she was getting ready to leave the harbor. The same thought had evidently occurred to the skipper, for as he reached my side he asked:

“Do you think she is getting under weigh, Master Dunn?”

His tones were cordial, and as pleasantly as I could I responded:

“It looks like it, sir.”

“I must communicate with her captain before she goes,” he then declared. “Will you take over a note for me?”

“Certainly, sir,” I answered with no thought of what the outcome was to be.

“Get ready the yawl, and I’ll bring the mis-

sive at once. There is no time to lose," he said, and hurried away to the cabin.

The boat was lowered, and four sailors were at the oars when he reappeared. Taking the letter from his hand, I swung down into the craft, and gave the order:

"Heave away, lads!"

As we left the side of the brig, he called out:

"Deliver the letter to Captain Rawlins himself, Master Dunn."

"Aye! aye! sir," I responded.

We made quick time to the frigate's side, and to my hail: "Ship ahoy! I have a message for your captain," an officer standing near the starboard rail answered: "Boat ahoy! We are waiting for you. Come on board at once."

A little surprised at this greeting, I climbed up the ladder and was received by a midshipman, who conducted me at once to the captain's quarters.

That officer sat at one side of a long table, and a sub-lieutenant, who was evidently acting as his secretary, sat at the other. Saluting the

commander, I presented the note I had brought, and stood there waiting for the reply which I supposed would soon be given. Slowly the captain opened and read the note, and then glancing up at me, he asked curtly:

“Your name?”

“Arthur Dunn.”

“You are from Massachusetts Colony?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Your age?”

“Nearly seventeen, sir.”

“You have put down these facts?” he inquired now of the young lieutenant.

“Yes, sir.”

“And you have rated him as an apprentice?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well,” he remarked, and then turned to me, saying to my astonishment:

“There you are, Master Dunn, duly shipped on His Majesty’s frigate, *St. George*, and we hope to hear good things of you.” Then to the midshipman, who had shown me to the cabin and who had all this time been waiting, he said:

“Take him forward, Midshipman Seymour, and see that he is furnished with the usual outfit.”

By this time I had recovered sufficiently from my astonishment to protest:

“But, sir, I did not come here to ship on the frigate. I came simply as Captain Weston’s messenger.”

A look of surprise passed over the face of the captain as he glanced again at the missive I had brought.

“You admit you are Arthur Dunn,” he then said, “and there can be no mistake. Yesterday Captain Weston made full arrangements to place you as an apprentice on board of this frigate. This note says he has sent you here for that purpose. We will have no further words about it. Master Seymour, take him forward as I have directed.”

I knew there was no appeal from this decision, and sick at heart at this new and dastardly trick of my enemy, I turned and followed my conductor to the deck.

CHAPTER V

AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK

It was perhaps natural that as I followed Midshipman Seymour from the cabin I should try to think of some way by which I might release myself from the unhappy situation in which I was now placed. But before I reached the deck I had concluded there was little hope of any attempt on my part proving successful.

I knew there was no appeal from the decision of the captain of the frigate. His word was law not only on board of his vessel, but in the port, on all matters that pertained to the government of his men. Even the consul would hardly dare

to interfere in any matter that had arisen between him and one of his crew. The best he could do would be to report the affair to the home government, and months might elapse before it was considered, with a likelihood of its being summarily dismissed as of too trifling a character to claim the attention of the commissioners. A friendless American lad would stand little show in a contest with a British naval commander.

To escape from the ship at that time by my own efforts was also out of the question. The ship was already in motion. That meant my own yawl had been sent away and so I was not surprised to behold it more than half way over to the brig when I emerged into the open air. But had it still been there by the ship's side, it would have been of no service to me. Admitted I could have evaded the officer who had charge of me and reached the boat, to return to the *Young Phoenix* in it would only have been placing myself again in Captain Weston's power, while to make for the shore would have precip-

itated a pursuit in which not only all the boats of the frigate, but every vessel near enough to read her signal, would have speedily engaged. Furthermore, to attempt to escape and fail would be to subject myself to the ill-will of both officers and crew, and render my position on the frigate infinitely more uncomfortable than I cared even to think of. No one loves a runaway. So with the best grace I could muster I followed my conductor amidships, where I was speedily given a sailor's outfit; then I was taken forward and assigned a berth.

"You belong to the main truck crew, and are in the fourth watch," Master Seymour now announced. "Put on your rig, and go to your place at once," and then he left me.

In fifteen minutes I had donned my uniform, stowed away my extra traps, and was ready for the deck. As I came out of the forecastle, an officer stepped towards me, possibly to point out my station, but I surprised him and my station-master by walking over to my place without guidance, and by the looks the latter gave each

other, I knew I had made a favorable impression on them.

The frigate, under full canvas, and with a piping breeze from the north, was making straight out to sea. And if I do say it, she made a pretty sight. There is to my mind nothing much handsomer than a fine ship with all her sails set to a favorable breeze; and I could not help a thrill of delight as I took in the scene.

Yet how strange it seemed to me to be a part of it! An hour before there had not been the slightest thought on my part that I should ever enter His Majesty's navy. But here I was, wearing the royal uniform, duly entered on the frigate's roster, and starting out on a cruise whose destination I did not even know. It might be a return to the colonies, or a voyage to the far east. This did not much concern me. The things which rankled me most were that I was there against my will, and that in an instant I had been thrust out of the cabin and back to the forecastle, which latter fact was especially galling to my pride.

My thoughts were rudely interrupted, however, by a direct order from Midshipman Seymour. The main sky sail had in some way loosened and wound around its yard, marring the beauty and the symmetry of the ship's rig. Noticing it as he was passing me, the young officer called out:

"Here, Dunn, hurry aloft there and straighten out that sail."

I think he called me purposely to test the mettle in me, but I was equal to the feat.

"Aye! aye! sir," I answered, and, springing to the nearest ladder, I ran up the mast without hesitation or fear. In another minute I was astride the yard, and deftly releasing the canvas, I tautened it to its place, returning to the deck amid the cheers of my station mates.

We were now outside of the great reef over which I had come in the brig two nights before, and our pilot was preparing to leave us. I had sometime before noticed that he was the same man who had boarded the *Young Phoenix* the night of the storm, but had thought little of the

fact. Pilots come and go continually, and it was no more strange that he should be hired to take the frigate out than that he had been secured to take the brig into the harbor. But the cheers of the sailors attracted his attention, and he glanced towards me as I swung off the ratlines to the deck. He stared at me for a moment as though he could scarcely believe his eyes, and then he turned to the officer of the deck, and said something to him in his native tongue. The lieutenant replied in the same language, and then with their eyes upon me they engaged in an earnest conversation for a few minutes. Little knowing how much it was to effect my future, I went back to my station.

Once out of the harbor, the bow of the frigate was turned towards the south, and, somewhat anxious to know whither we were bound, I turned to one of my mates, an old tar who had started the cheering which had greeted me on my return from the maintopmast, asking:

“Say, mate, can you tell me what cruise we are on?”

He shook his head. "They don't let the likes of us know," he explained. "We may be goin' to the South Pole for all Pete Berry knows. Say, youngster, who be ye? Ye've seen a ship afore, and know a bowline from a rudder, that's sartain."

Thanking the old sailor for his compliment, without explaining how I came to be on the frigate, I told who I was, and the main facts of my sea-faring life.

"So yer name is Dunn," he commented when I was through, "an' ye're no greenhorn. I'm glad o' that. We've got more'n sixty aboard now, an' don't need another."

The disgust of the old salt as he announced this fact amused me and we were soon chatting away like old chums. We talked of the ship, of her rigging, and of her sailing qualities. Inadvertently during our conversation I alluded to a few changes that I would make in the adjusting of her canvas to bring out her best speed, and with a quick discernment Pete asked:

"Have ye ever ben in the cabin, sir?"

“Yes, as mate,” I assented, my downfall coming vividly before me.

“I thought so,” he remarked curiously; “an’ wonder what ye’re doin’ here.”

Before I could reply we were piped to rations, and I was saved from appearing rude by not answering him. The rest of the day was passed in the usual routine of a man-of-war, and by night I had become sufficiently familiar with my duties to perform them as readily and handily as any of my mates. My deftness was no longer a surprise to them, however, for Pete had quickly circulated not only the facts of my sea experience, but the additional fact that I had been an officer on the brig I had just left—though this was a shrewd guess on his part, for I had not mentioned the vessel on which I had served as mate. Greatly amazed that I should leave such a berth to enlist on the frigate as an apprentice, they became certain there was a mystery connected with the incident, which my good luck the following day partially explained.

It came just after our morning rations had

been issued. A midshipman came forward, and, calling me by name, said I was wanted at once in the cabin. Surprised at this summons I obeyed, and was ushered into the presence of the Captain, who sat in the same place at the same table, with the same sub-lieutenant opposite him as when I was there before.

“Good morning, Master Dunn,” was his greeting, and he spoke with a heartiness I had not expected.

“Good morning, sir,” I replied politely.

“You were mate on the brig *Young Phoenix*?” he then asked.

“Yes, sir, second mate,” I admitted, wondering what was coming.

“Did Captain Weston abandon you when the vessel was off the great reef during the night of our recent storm?”

“Yes, sir,” I assented, querying with myself how he could have learned of the fact.

“Then you are that young officer who brought the abandoned craft over the reef at flood tide, and sailed her safely into the harbor?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you know, young man, such a thing has only been done once before, and that was ten years ago? Why, the whole town is talking about it!”

“No, sir, I didn’t know it,” I declared. “There was nothing about the feat for them to be amazed over. Anyone left on the brig would have done just as I did.”

He shook his head in dissent, and then continued:

“Tell me how you had offended your Captain so as to lead him to so far forget his conduct as an officer as to desert you in a time of danger.”

I told him briefly the reason for Captain Weston’s wrath.

“I won’t attempt to justify you here for disobeying the command of a superior officer, even if he was clearly in the wrong. Sometimes it is not a safe thing to do. Of two evils you must choose the least, letting another be responsible for his own mistake,” he remarked with a smile, when I was done. “But I now understand what

you meant yesterday morning by protesting you had not come over to the ship with any intention of enlisting. The whole thing was a dastardly trick on the part of your captain which he played partly that he might gratify his feeling of resentment towards you, but more because he dare not face his owners with the report that you had saved a vessel which he had himself abandoned. With you out of the way he can make any report he pleases."

This was a new view of the matter to me, but I could readily see now it might have been the chief cause of Captain Weston's action, so I nodded my head in token of the fact that I accepted his explanation. Then the commander continued:

"It must have seemed hard to you to be thrust in an instant out of the cabin into the forecastle."

"It did, sir!"

"Yet you made no fuss."

"What good would that have done, sir?" I queried.

He laughed and was silent for a moment, then said: "Tell me, what experience have you had at sea?"

I told him, and then he began to ply me with questions about the frigate, about her sails, and her lines; how to handle her in emergencies; and gave repeated orders, telling me to explain them. There was nothing, however, I did not understand, and rapidly as he put the questions, I as rapidly answered them.

"Very good, Master Dunn," he finally remarked. "We have no midshipman on board who could have passed a better examination. Unfortunately it is too late for me to send you back to the brig—and perhaps that would not be the wisest thing to do. But it is not too late for me to do you what justice I can." Then turning to his secretary, "Take the name of Arthur Dunn from the list of apprentices, and place it upon the list of midshipmen, dating the fact from yesterday."

"I have done so," the lieutenant announced a moment later.

“Very well; go now and call Midshipman Seymour.”

He obeyed, and soon returned with the young officer.

“Midshipman Seymour,” the Captain began sternly, “did you understand me to say yesterday that this young man was rated as an apprentice?”

“Yes, sir,” he stammered, glancing apprehensively at me.

“Well, sir, some one has made a mistake. Mark! I do not say it was you. It may have been myself. But it was a mistake, and must be rectified at once, sir. He is a midshipman, and I want you to rectify the mistake immediately. See that he is given a midshipman’s outfit, and assigned to your own mess at once. Explain to your brother officers that there was a mistake—for which Master Dunn himself is in no way accountable—by which he was sent to the fore-castle and he has proved he has the first characteristic of a good officer—he can obey

without a murmur or complaint. Good-morning, sir.”

“But let me thank you, sir, for this kindness,” I began. But he interrupted me:

“It is simply justice, sir, and no man should be thanked for doing right. Good-morning.”

So for the second time within twenty-four hours I followed Midshipman Seymour from the cabin, but with what different feelings in my heart! The first time I was filled with bitterness and wrath, and almost ready to curse my fate; this time I was overflowing with gratitude and could even have thanked Captain Weston for his base act had he been there.

I shall not weary you with the details of my life on the frigate. I have no complaint to make of the way I was treated. My relations with my brother officers were for the most part very pleasant, and as I now look back to that time I in no way regret the ten months I was with them. Our cruise was up the Mediterranean, and the calls we made at the different ports enabled me to become familiar with a portion

of the world I had long wanted to see. But the greatest value of those months was the naval training I received. Though I knew it not, a Divine Providence was in that way fitting me for my future career. But I am anticipating.

In August, 1775, we reached Egypt, and after a brief stop at Alexandria, turned our prow to the west. "Homeward bound!" my mates declared. Homeward bound for them, but not for me. London, which we reached in September, was as much a foreign place to me as any we had visited. Still I never tired of its sights, and as often as possible I obtained shore leave that I might wander through its streets, gaze upon its churches, and visit its famous old Tower.

One day as I was going through Cheapside, on my way to Newgate Street, I noticed a crowd gathered around a man in the uniform of a British army officer, who was haranguing them in excited tones. Curious to hear what he was saying, I went over to them. What was my astonishment to find he was telling them of a great battle which had taken place at Bunker

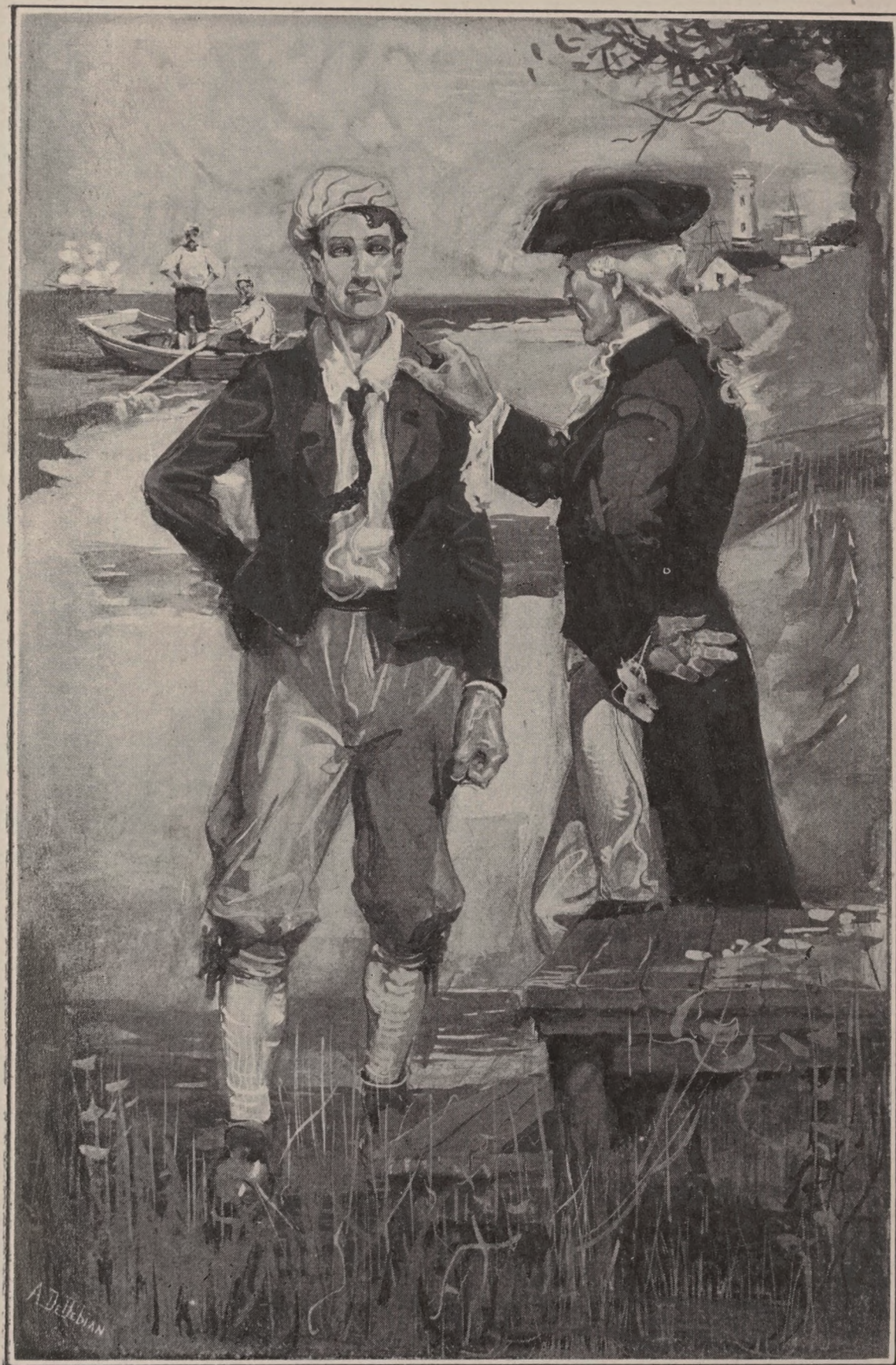
Hill, Boston, in the previous June! With bitter invective he denounced the colonists, and declared that His Majesty would soon send troops enough over there to wipe the rebels off from the face of the earth. Then he continued:

“And that is why, good people, I am here. As a recruiting officer for the King I now offer you the shilling. Who will walk up, and taking it in his palm, enter His Majesty’s service? Here is a shilling for each one who is ready to cross the seas and avenge the comrades who have been slain by the rebels! Walk right up, my friends!”

Then catching sight of me standing there in my naval uniform, he called out:

“There is the kind of young men I am looking for! Do you notice how fine he looks in his rig? I dare say he will soon be sailing across the ocean to fight for his King. Won’t you, my lad?”

But I was already heated to the boiling point by the tidings I had heard, and, blazing with



“What I want is a second mate.”

indignation that he should dare ask me, a loyal colonist, such a question, I blurted out:

“I’ll see His Majesty hung first! Do you think I’ll fight against my native country?”

“A rebel! A rebel! Right here among us! Seize him, comrades! Don’t let him escape! His Majesty knows what to do with such fellows. Seize him!” and he sprang towards me.

“Here he is, sir!” cried a stout teamster by my side, and he reached out his hand to hold me. But I eluded his grasp, and, turning, darted back down the street, with the whole crowd at my heels.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH I HAVE MY FIRST TASTE OF A BRITISH PRISON

Around the first corner and down to Watling Street I ran, taking the nearest course to the river, though I had no intention of returning to my ship. The startling news I had heard about the state of affairs in the homeland had fired me with a patriotism before which all thought of allegiance to the King vanished. I was inflamed with the desire to cross the ocean at once and throw in my lot with my struggling countrymen. For the present I would endeavor to escape my pursuers; later I would find some way to return to my native land.

I came to this decision in the brief time it took me to reach St. Paul's church. Turning there, I crossed Carter Lane and Queen Street, and came out upon the Thames near St. Paul's pier. Here a glance behind me showed that I had distanced my pursuers. Noting this fact with much satisfaction, I sped out upon the wharf and darted through the open door of the nearest warehouse. No one appeared to dispute my entrance or to check my advance, and swiftly I glided between the barrels and boxes to the farthest side of the room. Here I found another door. It was closed but unfastened, and I had time to open it before the angry mob that was following me appeared. Passing quickly into the next apartment, I shut the door and rolled a huge cask of rum against it, effectually barring it. Confident now that it would be some time before my pursuers discovered my whereabouts, I proceeded leisurely through the semi-darkness of the room to a place where great bales of cotton were piled nearly to the ceiling. Among these I at length found an open space

which allowed me to crawl back of the outer tier, where I lay down and waited.

So still was the immense building I could plainly hear the pursuing men enter the other apartment in search of me. The persistence with which they kept at their task told of their eagerness to find me. At length two of them tried the door of the room in which I was hiding, and, on discovering it was barred, one of them exclaimed confidently:

“He cannot have gone in there!”

“Where is he then?” asked the other doubtfully. “I certainly saw him enter here. Where can he have gone?”

“Out of that open scuttle in the roof,” answered the first.

“But it is more than four and twenty feet to the ground,” objected the second.

“What of that?” retorted his companion scornfully. “He’s a sailor and can climb up or down these walls as easily as he would a mast. It’s just as I told you, while we have been look-

ing for him among these boxes and barrels, he has made good his escape.”

The objector seemed to be convinced, for without another word he followed his comrade down the room. The sound of their footsteps grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Evidently the search for me had been abandoned. Still I did not stir. I was safely hidden, and would remain where I was until the hour for closing the warehouse had come.

Opposite the opening through which I had crawled was an outside door, one edge of which was warped enough to allow a few rays of light to enter. I watched these, knowing that when they disappeared it would be time for me to make a move.

How slowly the minutes passed! What a tumult of thoughts crowded through my brain! The events since I had left the colony came trooping in rapid succession. The life on board the frigate was lived over again. With these bygone experiences came plans for the future. I knew there were several vessels in the river

hailing from American ports. Once let their captains know of the battle at Bunker Hill and they would hasten to sail for home. Doubtless on one of these crafts I could find a berth. I resolved therefore, to visit them in turn under the cover of the night until I had secured a place.

At length the light through the doorway grew so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, and I crawled out of my hole, and went over to the entrance. First gently, and then more vigorously I tried to open the door. My efforts were useless, however, for it was fastened on the outside. So I retraced my steps to the place where I had entered, rolled the cask away from the door, and opened it. Stepping through into the next room, I turned to close the entrance after me, when a voice startled me.

“So you were there after all, my young bantam,” it exclaimed. “Tim Waters thought so. You didn’t fool him, if you did the others; and it has been worth while to wait for you too, for

now the five pounds offered for your capture is mine.”

A glance showed me that the speaker was a burly fellow, evidently the porter of the warehouse. Doubtless he had known that the door between the apartments of the building was not fastened, and finding it secured, had quickly divined that I was within. So, stimulated by the reward offered for my apprehension, he had patiently awaited my coming.

Scarcely had I surmised this fact when he sprang forward to seize me. But quick as he was, I was quicker, and, eluding his grasp, dodged by him. So confident was he that he was going to grab me, he had put his whole force into his forward spring, and now, missing me, he also lost his balance, and plunged headlong against the door. Startled by his call, I had but partly closed it, and, swinging back as he came against it, he was precipitated into the other room. The cask which I had used as a barricade was only a few feet away, and striking upon this with his head and shoulders on

one side and his legs and feet upon the other, he set it to rolling. I could scarcely refrain from a shout of laughter as I saw him struggling to regain his feet, and by his very efforts sending his unwieldy steed farther and farther down the room. Not until the barrel fetched up against the pile of cotton bales did it stop, and even then it was a moment or two before he could regain an upright position. I only waited long enough to notice he was not seriously injured, and then shutting the door, I fastened it on my side by passing a piece of a box cover through the door handle.

In another minute I was in the open air, and finding the way clear, I hastened through the fast falling darkness to the street. Keeping in the shadows as much as possible, I went down the river bank to a point nearly opposite the first American vessel. Here I undertook to reach the end of an adjacent wharf, hoping there to find a boat in which I could visit the brig. But I had hardly got a dozen feet down the planking before a watchman confronted me,

saying gruffly as he tried to look me over in the darkness:

“Who are you? What do you want here? Are you that rebel midshipman I have been told to look out for? Faith, I believe you are!” and he seized me by the collar before I could do a thing to prevent him.

Then began a struggle which lasted for some minutes. We were about equally matched in strength, but he had me at a disadvantage and I am quite sure would have at length mastered me but for an accident. Coming to a place where the flooring suddenly raised itself a few inches, he stumbled and fell full length upon his back. I was pulled down upon him, but he lost his hold upon me, and before he could recover it, I regained my feet and was away.

I had no trouble in eluding him, or those he aroused by his cries, but as I made off under the friendly cover of the night I must confess my heart was filled with apprehension. It was very evident that the whole water front had been guarded against every attempt on my part

to board a ship from the colonies. The offer of a reward for my arrest had, moreover, put all the watchmen on the alert. If I escaped, therefore, two things were clear: I must change my naval garb for one less conspicuous, and I must make off across the country to some other port. Having come to this conclusion, I left the river, and started towards the rear end of the town. After going a mile or more the lights of a second-hand clothing shop attracted me. Crossing the street, I glanced in at the window. The store was evidently kept by an old Jew who was alone, and I ventured in.

“Have you a second-hand rig you would exchange for this I have on?” I briefly asked.

He glanced curiously at me, and then with a shrewd look in his eyes remarked:

“Running away from your ship, are you?”

“Yes,” I admitted promptly, “but I am willing to give you a good bargain, so what does that matter to you?”

He shook his head. “It might get me into

trouble with the naval authorities," he replied. "It's risky business."

"I don't see how," I retorted. "You can tell them I claimed to have surrendered my commission, or any thing else you choose. They cannot blame you for making a good trade when you had the chance."

He came slowly around his counter and looked my uniform carefully over. It was nearly new, and in excellent condition, and as he noted these facts the look in his eyes changed to one of greed.

"It's risky, risky," he replied, "and I can't allow you much for the garments. But here is something I will give you for it," and he led the way to the other side of the shop. From a shelf he took what had evidently been the suit of a farmer lad. It was of coarse material and well worn, yet neat and clean.

"I took this a week ago from a youngster who ran away to sea," he explained; "now I'll exchange with you to help you run away from

the sea," and he laughed at his attempt at face-tiousness.

The clothes were not worth half those I was wearing, but I did not hesitate.

"I will do it," I said. "Can I go into your back room and make the change?"

He assented, and led me into the rear room, leaving me alone, as another customer came in just then. I took the opportunity, while changing my clothing, to look over the state of my finances, finding I had five shillings and a sixpence. There was little likelihood of my earning any more and this sum, therefore, must last me until I could find a ship for home. So it was clear that whatever port I decided to go to, I must walk, in order to husband my little store.

My first anxiety, however, was to put the city behind me, and with this end in view, upon leaving the shop I struck off uptown at a brisk rate. An hour later, in the outskirts, I stopped at an inn long enough to get supper, and then resumed my tramp. All night long I kept it up, but as dawn came on, finding myself near a

small village, which I afterwards learned to be Watford, I entered and made my way to its one tavern. There I secured a room, to which I at once retired for a much needed rest. Some hours later I was awakened by the inn-keeper, whom I found sitting down on the side of my bed gazing long and fixedly at me.

“There is a squad of soldiers down stairs who are looking for a lad about your size and build, I should judge.”

Though greatly alarmed by the tidings, there was something in the man's gaze which reassured me, and I waited for him to go on:

“They say he is a young rebel from the colonies, who has cursed the King.”

Still I was silent.

“Tell me all about it,” he continued. “You have a friend in me.”

The man's dealing with me proved that, so I frankly told my story.

“If that is all, I will protect you,” he declared. “I have a brother over there, and my

sympathies are with the colonies. I hope they will win," and he abruptly left the room.

Listening at the door, I heard him descend the stairs, and say to the officer in charge of the troopers:

"I have no one here dressed as you say that young rebel was; but I'll tell you what I'll do. If he comes this way, I'll take care of him," a promise he literally kept. For he not only boarded me a week, long enough, as he believed, to end all search for me, but on my departure put money enough into my hands to pay my fare by stage to Liverpool, where he advised me to go.

"You may regard all I have done for you as a loan," were his parting words, "and repay me when I come to America," a thing I am glad to say I was able to do.

I left Watford with little fear of detection, and enjoyed to the full my ride across the country to St. Helen's, a small town a few miles out of Liverpool. The stage reached there just at dark, and, as I had done a half dozen times

before, I descended from its top and entered the tavern to order supper and a room for the night. Two feet over the threshold a hand was laid upon my shoulder and a voice I instantly recognized said:

“Master Dunn, you are my prisoner.” It was the recruiting sergeant whom I had heard in Cheapside, London, telling of the war with the colonies.

Resistance was useless, for behind the officer stood four soldiers with their muskets ready for instant use, so I submitted to my arrest with the best grace I could muster.

In a few minutes they mounted me upon a horse, surrounded me with a squad of troopers, and hurried me off towards Liverpool. Reaching the city, they hastened along its narrow streets to a huge stone building on the river's edge before which they stopped. Tumbling me unceremoniously from the beast I rode, they led me through the heavy portals, and along the dark corridors to a room in the rear, into which they thrust me and swung to its stout door with

a clang that still echoes in my ears. I did not need to be told where I was—the structure, its form, its appearance, its interior arrangements, spoke louder than human words. It said in a silent but unmistakable language, “You are in a British prison.”

CHAPTER VII

I MEET A NEW FRIEND

I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I stood there in the darkness, with those stout walls shutting me from the liberty I craved—craved that I might give myself to the service of my struggling country. I am quite sure I could not at that time separate the mingled feelings of chagrin, regret, and hopelessness that oppressed me. One word alone can express the condition of my mind and heart just then—despair. I could have shed tears if it would have been of any use; it may be a sob did escape me, but if so it was speedily checked, for a

heavy voice spoke from the farthest corner of the room, demanding:

“Who are you?”

I had supposed I was alone in the cell. Surprised now to find I was sharing it with another, I nevertheless was able to answer promptly:

“An unfortunate prisoner like yourself.”

“Yes,” was the response, “but I mean are you British or American?” and I thought I detected an eagerness, almost a suspense in the speaker’s voice as he waited for an answer.

“American,” I replied.

“Thank God for that!” was the immediate ejaculation. Then I heard a sound as though one was rising from a bed, and the next instant the man came over where I was with rapid strides.

“I am Samuel Tucker, a sea captain from Marblehead, in the colony of Massachusetts,” he announced much to my astonishment. “Now tell me who are you?”

“Captain Tucker!” I cried, ignoring his question in my surprise and joy. “Captain

Samuel Tucker of Marblehead, and I came across the ocean to find you! Who would have thought we should meet here—in a cell of the Liverpool jail!”

“‘Came across the ocean to find me,’” he repeated, and I could not help noticing the wonderment in his tones. “‘Pray tell me then who are you?’”

“I am Arthur Dunn, the son of Captain Dunn, with whom you once sailed,” I replied, and then rapidly, yet in fullest detail, I told my story, beginning with my mother’s dying request, and ending with my arrest an hour or two before.

“So you are in jail for the very same reason I am,” he remarked with a slight laugh when I was done. Then he spun his own yarn.

He had made a quick voyage to Lisbon, discharged his cargo, taken another, and returned to the colony. Then he had sailed for Marseilles, France. There an agent of the English government had come to him, desiring to char-

ter his brig to go over to Gibraltar and convey a company of soldiers to Liverpool.

“The rascal never told me why the regiment was hurrying home,” the Captain explained, “or I would not have let him have my craft at any price. But the pay was good, and I fell into the same trap that a half dozen other Yankee skippers did. We went to Gibraltar and brought in here a regiment which sailed the very next day after its arrival for the colonies to fight our countrymen. When I learned the truth my blood boiled within me, and I cursed the King and his government to the agent’s face when he came to pay me the charter money. I might have known what would follow; the confiscation of my vessel and my incarceration here. But the fellow knew just what I thought of him and the government,” he concluded with a chuckle.

“How long have you been in here?” I now asked.

“Two weeks,” he responded; “but come over here,” he added in a low whisper, and, taking

me by the arm, he led me down the cell to its one narrow window, through which so little light came that I had not noticed it until then.

Once at the aperture he raised my hands with his own to the window frame, and then I became aware that he was removing it. Placing it noiselessly on the floor, he carried my hand up to the iron grating, which I soon found he was taking down bar by bar.

“There,” he said at length in a tone so low I could scarcely hear him, “you see the way is clear for our escape. This is why I was so anxious to find out if you were an American. I wanted no one here to thwart my plans. We shall go at midnight, so you will not be long within these walls, Master Dunn,” and again he chuckled.

“But is not the river outside this wall?” I questioned, “and some feet below? How are we to get down to it?”

“With this,” he replied, and carrying my hand up to his bosom I felt hidden inside of his shirt a coil of stout rope. “Oh! the prepara-

tions are all made, and cannot fail," he continued confidently. "A boat from a Yankee ship in the river will come under this window at midnight, and lowering ourselves into that, we shall be taken off to the vessel which will sail before daylight. The only change in the plan is she will carry two passengers instead of one. You see, you came just in time to go home with me, Master Dunn."

The confidence in his own tones inspired me. A half-hour before I had been on the verge of despair; now I was nearly wild in my exuberance of joy. I could scarcely wait for the hour to come when we should leave our cell. Then I fell to wondering how Captain Tucker had been able to arrange so completely his plan of escape and as though he divined my thought, the captain told me, while we waited the coming of the rescuing yawl.

"Anchored in the harbor, near my own brig, at the time of my arrest," he began, "was the ship *Rebecca Morris* from Philadelphia. Her captain is an old friend of mine, and I knew if

I could manage to communicate with him he would do all in his power to help me escape. Under the pretext of sending a message to my family in the colonies I asked the turnkey who came to my cell daily to take a letter off to Captain Allen. At first the fellow demurred, but when I offered him my watch, a valuable one, in return for the favor, and let him see the note I had written, he yielded. Unbeknown to him, however, I substituted a second note for the first one, in which I described the situation of my cell, and suggested a way in which my friend could aid me. That night a boat came under my window, bringing the things I had asked for—a file and a stout rope. Meanwhile I removed the sash with my pocket knife, and unraveled one of my stockings to obtain the string I needed. With the latter I pulled up a stouter cord, and then the file and the rope from the yawl. I knew it would take me several days to cut through the bars, and so sent down a note requesting the boat to return here for me to-night. When the cord came back, there was a

line from Captain Allen himself assuring me he would be here without fail."

As the moments passed I could not help growing anxious lest for some reason the friendly captain should fail us. On the other hand, Captain Tucker was as cool and undisturbed as it was possible for a man to be.

"I know Christopher Allen," he declared again and again, "and he will be here as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow morning. All the guards on the river cannot stop him. He'll find a way to outwit them and rescue us."

At length there came the yowl of a cat from somewhere on the river. Captain Tucker leaped to his feet (for we had been sitting on the edge of the bed while we waited), exclaiming in a suppressed whisper:

"What did I tell you, Master Dunn? He is almost here."

Again the yowl sounded nearer, and as though the animal was floating on the tide down by the jail. Then it came the third time directly under our window-sill.

My companion had already drawn the coil of rope from his bosom, and was making one end fast to a piece of the iron grating. Placing this across the narrow aperture, he threw out the cord, and turned to me, saying:

“All is ready, Master Dunn, and you shall go first. Tell Captain Allen, however, that I’m right behind you.”

“Nay, sir,” I remonstrated, “you should go first, as the plan is yours and—” but I did not finish.

“I am in command here,” he interrupted with an authority I could not dispute, “and you are to go now.”

With the words he lifted me in his brawny arms and thrust me feet foremost through the opening. I caught the rope in my hands and in another moment was gliding swiftly down it. The distance was not so great as I had expected, and it seemed but an instant before stout hands seized me and set me gently down in the boat.

“You are not Captain Tucker,” a voice then whispered in my ear.

“No,” I admitted in the same low tone, “I am Arthur Dunn, a fellow prisoner whom Captain Tucker insisted should come down first. He is right behind me.”

The swaying of the rope confirmed my words, and, pushing me one side, the same brawny arms caught the captain as he came down. The next minute the light craft darted off down the river as swiftly as four oars could pull it.

I had been given a place in the bow, while Captain Tucker sat with Captain Allen in the stern of the boat. What passed between them on our way to the ship I never knew, but when we were in her cabin her skipper turned to me, and putting his hand in mine, said:

“I have had a double pleasure tonight, Master Dunn. Instead of plucking one patriot out of the hands of the enemy, I have taken two. I knew your father. I believe he has in you a son worthy of him. You are welcome to a place among us.”

I thanked him as best I could, and went to the berth assigned me with a heart full of gratitude to the overruling Providence that had so wonderfully cared for me and given me such kind friends.

But I was destined to find a more powerful friend before that voyage was finished. This was Master Robert Morris, the owner of the vessel, and a member of the Continental Congress, who was on board as a passenger. Either Captain Tucker or Captain Allen must have told him who I was and how I came to be on board the ship, for when I went on deck the next morning, he came up to me, and having congratulated me on my escape from the British prison, said with a smile:

“We ought to hear good things from you and Captain Tucker. You both have early shown that you are loyal to the colonies.”

Having no desire to be a drone on the vessel, I went to the captain after breakfast and offered my services in any place he could use me.

“It is commendable in you, Master Dunn, to make this offer,” he replied, “and I will say I rather expected it of you. It is your father all over again. But there is no place I can put you except with the sailors. Captain Tucker has already made a similar offer, and I can hardly put the best skipper that ever sailed out of a New England port out of the cabin, so I have created the berth of a third mate in order to use him. You can hardly expect me to arrange for a fourth mate much as I should like to keep you with us. But if you care to go to the forecabin, I will enter you on the ship’s roster as an able seaman.”

“I had rather go there than be idle,” I answered promptly, and, having been assigned my watch and station, I went forward. Though I did not know it then, my act greatly pleased Master Morris, who was already furtively watching both Captain Tucker and myself for proofs of our seamanship.

Before the voyage was over he had the opportunity to see us in positions which tested to the

full our qualities as sailors, for ere a week had passed we encountered one of the severest gales I ever experienced. For three days it raged, carrying away our shrouds and yards as if they were tow, racking the ship until her seams opened, and she was in great jeopardy. What was even worse, the Captain was stricken down by a falling spar, and both of his limbs were broken.

In this emergency Captain Tucker stepped forward and offered to take charge of the vessel. To this Master Morris and the mates readily assented. The new commander's first act was to assign me to his own position as third mate, and his second to assure the men he would save the vessel, if they would only promptly obey his orders. Then he went to the wheel, and, taking the helm into his own hands, guided the ship all that night through the storm.

His orders, issued from the wheel, were promptly executed by the sailors who had taken on new courage and when dawn came and the tempest abated, there was not a single soul on

board but what was ready to own that it was to his skill and knowledge the ship and the crew owed their preservation.

This deed was the link in the chain that secured the fast friendship of Master Morris. Grateful for the saving of his vessel, upon our arrival in port, he introduced Captain Tucker to some of the other members of the Continental Congress, and before he left Philadelphia for home he had the promise of a captain's commission in the Continental Navy.

Nor was I forgotten. Master Morris spoke a kind word for me, and I was assured that I should have a midshipman's commission in return for the one I had lost.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR FIRST PRIZE

Our arrival in Marblehead created quite a sensation. Tidings of Captain Tucker's imprisonment and the confiscation of his vessel had already reached there, while his escape was unknown. His sudden appearance in the streets of the village therefore brought him almost an ovation, and men, women, and even the children crowded around him, hoping to hear how he had escaped the enemy's hands.

A few of the townspeople remembered my visit to the place several months before in search of the Captain, and when it became

known that I had also been thrown into jail for defying the King, I came in for my own share of public attention; so for some days we both knew what it was to be famous.

Then the excitement subsided, and we were permitted to move among the people in a commonplace sort of way, and unmolested to attend to the daily tasks that fell to us. At the Captain's request I made my home with him while we awaited our commissions, and, save for a brief visit to my native village early in January, I did not leave him.

It was January 20, (1776) when I returned from my visit. As I had only a small bundle with me, I left the stage at the door of the tavern, and started to walk to the house I now called my home. I had gone but a few yards when I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind me, and, turning, I saw a man in martial costume and adorned with the trappings of rank riding in hot haste towards me.

His coming had already aroused much curiosity on the part of the villagers, for they

were gathering at the windows and on the streets and wharves, to gaze at the trooper as he galloped along. He dashed by me, and took the nearest road to Captain Tucker's residence on Rowland Hill. Suspecting he was a messenger from the Congressional Committee, I quickened my steps and came in sight of the house in time to witness an amusing scene.

Captain Tucker was out in the yard chopping wood. The gaily decked officer rode up and dismounted. Seeing a person dressed in ordinary garb—a tarpaulin hat slouching over his face, a pea jacket and red waistcoat covering his body, brown breeches on his legs, and a flaming bandanna waving about his neck—he, naturally perhaps, thought he must have come to the wrong place, and so called out roughly:

“I say, fellow, I wish you would tell me if the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives hereabouts?”

“Honorable? Honorable?” questioned the Captain with a shrewd look at the stranger. “There is not any man of that name in Marblehead. He must be one of the family of Tuckers

in Salem. I am the only Samuel Tucker here.”

The trooper took his packet from his pocket, looked at it again and again. “Lives in a house, two stories, gable-end, standing by itself on a hill, not far from the bay shore, a piece of woods near it,” he read out slowly. “Surely this must be the place,” he commented, looking sharply around him; and then eying the chopper from head to foot, he continued:

“Captain Glover at Cambridge told me that he knew Master Tucker well, and that he lived in Marblehead, and described his house for me—‘gable-end, on the sea-side, none near it.’ Faith, this looks like the very place.”

The parley, however, soon came to an end, for the messenger was not slow to notice the gallant look and noble appearance of the man before him, and knew he could not be mistaken.

“You yourself must be Captain Tucker,” he declared, handing the packet to the man before him, “and here is your commission as a Captain in the Continental Navy. I also have a midship-

man's commission for Arthur Dunn. Can you tell me where I may find him?"

"He's right behind you, I reckon," remarked the captain, taking his packet and waiting for me to take mine. Then he invited the stranger to come into the house and take a rest and refreshments before he returned to Cambridge—an invitation which was gratefully accepted.

With the commissions were our assignments to the frigate *Franklin*, carrying sixteen guns, and stationed at Beverly. The Captain was also directed to get her in readiness at once for a cruise.

Busy days followed. The stores were shipped, the ammunition was placed on board, and in a week we would have been ready for sea had our outfit of small arms arrived. After three days delay Captain Tucker grew impatient, and, going over to Salem, he purchased the weapons with his own money and had them sent on board. As he saw them arranged in their racks, he turned to me, who had been directing the work, and remarked with satisfaction:

“There! we’ll get off tomorrow morning, Master Dunn.”

He went over to Marblehead that evening and when he returned he carried a huge bundle in his arms. To his executive officer, Lieutenant Fettyplace, he explained:

“It’s a banner my wife has been making for us. Tomorrow, before we sail, we’ll break it out from the masthead.”

Naturally curious to see it, Master Fettyplace, Lieutenant Salter, the second officer, and myself, who stood near, waited for him to show the flag to us. But he did not do it. It was not until my own hands pulled the cord the next morning which unfurled the banner from the frigate’s peak that we saw the beautiful piece which Mistress Tucker had wrought.

There it floated on the gentle breeze: a white field, a green union, made in the form of a pine tree, with the motto beneath it: “An appeal to heaven.” And under that flag we fought until Congress had adopted the stars and stripes.

Ten minutes later with every foot of the ship's canvas stretched to the north-west wind, we were standing out to sea. Once out of the harbor, our bow was turned towards Cape Cod, and a man was sent to the cross-trees to be on the lookout for prizes. We found not one, but two, much sooner than we expected. The circumstances as near as I can recall were these:

Just before dark, hearing a loud cannonading on our left, and apparently some distance away, we directed our course thither. Before the night fairly shut down, we came near enough to see four vessels engaged in conflict. Two of these, a ship and a brig, were flying the British flag, while the other two were schooners, and clearly American privateers.

Not wishing to take the English vessels from those who had first discovered them, and who had the first right to them as prizes if they could capture them, we refrained from entering into the engagement. But when the enemy beat off our friends, and sailed away towards Boston, we immediately gave chase. The Britishers

and our own ship were evidently faster sailers than the privateers, and soon we had left them behind. At nine o'clock they were out of sight, and the chase was all our own. Then the wind nearly failed, and for an hour or two we drifted along a mile behind our prey.

About this time our lookout reported another sail some distance away off our starboard. It was too dark to make her out, and Captain Tucker immediately ordered out a boat, and putting me in charge, directed me to go over and reconnoitre the strange vessel.

"Take a dark lantern with you, Master Dunn," he said, "and, if she prove to be an English cruiser, suspend your light near the edge of the water as a signal of your immediate return. We'll be on the lookout for you. If, however, she be an American vessel, then elevate your light in the air, and we'll come down, pick you up, and speak with her."

"Aye, aye, sir!" I responded, and descending to the yawl, I gave the order to pull away.

When near enough for the sound of our oars

to be detected, we muffled them, and cautiously advanced, seeking to get under the stern of the craft without being discovered. At length we were near enough to discern through the darkness that she was a trim schooner carrying ten guns, and that her course showed she was trying to overhaul the British vessels. This fact made me a little suspicious of her character, for it seemed to me a daring attempt for her to be following up two vessels, each larger than herself, with an idea of attacking them. I called the attention of our boatswain, Joseph Lewis, to this circumstance, asking in a low tone:

“Does it not seem to you, Master Lewis, that she must be a Britisher, a consort of the ship and brig, and is endeavoring to overhaul them?”

“Two things are agin that, sir,” he replied in the same cautious way. “Fust, thar’s her build. She came from Yankee stocks as sure as my name is Joe Lewis. Then thar’s the flag she carries. I can’t jest make it out, sir, but it ain’t

the English colors. As for her followin' two vessels larger than herself, that doesn't signify. We've got Capt'ns who'd do it with half her guns, hopin' to find a way to cut out one or t'other of them. I'm sure, sir, we'll find she's a friend. I'm ready to risk runnin' right up to her."

"I hardly think we'll do that," I answered. "But we'll work up under her stern, and make sure who she is."

"I beg yer pardon, sir," he continued, "but if ye'll order all the men to lie low in the boat, an' git down yerself, an' let me have an oar, I'll scull her up under the schooner in no time without their 'specting we're thar."

I gave the necessary command, and, stooping as low as he possibly could and yet work an oar, he sent our yawl noiselessly forward in the wake of the stranger. Five minutes later he touched my arm. I looked up and he made a quick upward gesture. I understood, and opened my dark lantern enough to send a single ray of light on the stern of the schooner which

was now just above our heads. With a thrill of delight I read her name—*Katy*—and her port—Providence in the Rhode Island Plantations.

Dropping behind her far enough to make it safe to signal our frigate, we raised our light high in the air with an oar, and waited. It was not long, light as the breeze was, before the ship was alongside of us, and, picking us up, she went on after the schooner. In ten minutes we spoke with her, and her captain, Abraham Whipple, came on board.

Captain Tucker and he speedily came to an agreement to join forces and attack the English vessels, and since Captain Tucker held his commission from the Continental Congress, it was arranged that both of the Yankee crafts should be under his command. These preliminaries completed, we hastened on as fast as the light wind would permit us after the enemy. It was clear by their course that they were striving to make Boston harbor; and equally clear after an hour or two of watching that all four vessels were about equally matched in speed.

As we drew near Long Island clouds overcast the dim stars, shutting out what light we had, and we were uncertain whether the ships we were pursuing took the east or west channel. So Captain Tucker signalled the *Katy* to go up the east side, while he went up the west side of the island. It was our good fortune to speedily overtake the transports which, running too close to the flats, got aground.

Clearing away our guns, we ran abreast the Britishers and poured in a broadside. They both responded from their starboard batteries, the only ones they could use. Our shots were low and did great havoc among the troops and crew of the enemy. On the other hand, their guns were aimed too high and the balls passed above our heads, riddling our sails and doing much damage to our spars and rigging; then they swept on, endangering the Rhode Island schooner, which lay on the other side of the island, becalmed, in range of the English cannon, and unable to change her position or to render us any assistance.

For a half-hour the battle raged until the commander of the British ship was slain, when she struck her colors, and her consort quickly followed. I was with Lieutenant Fettyplace when he boarded the larger craft, finding her to be the *George*, from Glasgow, Scotland. Lieutenant Salter went off to the brig, and reported her to be the *Annabella* from the same Scottish port. Each vessel carried a large cargo of ammunition, clothing and stores for the British army, while on the latter were two hundred and fifty Highland soldiers, under command of Colonel Archibald Campbell, and belonging to General Frazer's corps.

In the conflict we had not lost a man, nor had any of the ship's company been seriously wounded. In short, our only damage was to our sails and rigging. But the enemy had suffered greatly. More than two score men were more or less injured, while thirty-six, including the captain of the *George*, lay dead.

One of the saddest sights I remember in all my naval experience was that of the next day,

when we buried the dead Scotchmen on the island. It was heartrending to see the women, who had accompanied the troops, weeping with loud lamentations, and to hear the bag-pipes play the funeral dirge.

The hours before the sad burial had been spent in floating the prizes, and transferring our prisoners to the *Franklin*. A stiff breeze from the southwest had enabled the *Katy* to re-join us. So the funeral once over, prize-crews were placed on the captured vessels, and we sailed for Lynn.

There we turned them over to the Continental agent, and had the satisfaction of knowing that their cargoes—save one item—went to Washington's army at Cambridge. The exception was the store of canvas we found among the prize goods. This was used to furnish us with a new set of sails, and we were soon off to sea again.

CHAPTER IX

AN ASTONISHING OFFER

Our first voyage had been of three days duration, and we had captured two prizes of considerable value. Standing near Lieutenant Salter, as we left the harbor for our second cruise, I remarked:

“A short and successful trip was ours before, Lieutenant Salter. What think you our fortune will be this time, sir?”

He smiled. “Who can tell, Master Dunn? This search for prizes is much like a lottery. We may quickly make a fine draw, as we did before, or we may get a blank. It’s even pos-

sible that we may cruise around for weeks, yes, this entire voyage, and yet return to port empty-handed."

"It's not Captain Tucker's luck to do that," I protested stoutly. "He's always made successful voyages, and I believe this will be no exception. We shall not go many days before we capture a craft. Remember what I tell you."

"I presume you would like to see them coming so fast the Captain would find it hard work to make up prize-crews for them," he responded banteringly. Then he continued more earnestly: "I agree with you. I believe Captain Tucker sails under a lucky star, and have no idea our trip is to be a fruitless one."

He proved a true prophet. The very next day we took a prize—a sloop from Halifax, laden with dried fish, and bound for Boston. Though not of great value, it was in no sense to be despised, and to my own mind it was not unimportant. It meant so much less food for the enemy, and so much more for our brave

troops. With this thought predominant I raised a cheer as Boatswain Lewis, with a crew of four men, started for port in charge of her—a cheer which our entire ship's company joined in heartily.

Then the prizes followed in rapid succession until we had nine to our credit, and our number had been reduced three score to furnish crews for them. Among these were several of great value.

It was just two weeks since we left port when we captured our tenth vessel, the brig *White Swan*, from the Western Islands for Boston, with a cargo of fruit and wine. I speak more particularly of this, for my own personal fortunes were more intimately connected with it.

We sighted the craft at early dawn, and immediately gave chase—and it was a long one. Heavy laden as she was, and with less than two-thirds of our spread of canvas, yet she was well nigh a match for us in sailing. We overtook her by inches. The sun was about to set when we sent a shot across her bow, and it had

gone down when I returned from boarding her and reported her sailing port, her destination, her cargo, and the additional facts that she had a crew of twelve, and carried one passenger—a Master George Rollins.

Captain Tucker kept her by the frigate all night. At daylight he transferred to her a score of prisoners that we had taken from other vessels, and, placing me in command with a crew of ten, he directed me to take her into Lynn. Master Rollins at his own request remained upon her, and with her captain shared the cabin with myself and Midshipman Thomas Blinn, who was my executive officer.

We cleared from the *Franklin* about nine o'clock and started on our voyage of two hundred miles with high hopes. The brig was a staunch one, and, as I have already intimated, a fast sailer. Her cargo was valuable, and I felt what perhaps may be termed a natural elation to be given the task of taking her into port. It is true I had a large number of prisoners between the decks, and two men under parole

in the cabin, but I anticipated no trouble from them, and felt myself competent to fulfill the task assigned me faithfully.

The day was clear and cold. The wind was a favorable one, and we went ahead at a pace which would have delighted any sailor's heart. In ten hours I estimated that we had covered nearly one-half the distance to port. Let the breeze only keep up and we should reach our haven before noon on the morrow. With much satisfaction I turned the watch over to Midshipman Blinn and went below.

Inadvertently the room I occupied was between that of Captain Williamson and Master Rollins, while Midshipman Blinn had one on the other side of the cabin. I had fallen asleep, but was awakened by some one trying to open my door. Fortunately, as it proved, I had fastened it on entering, and discovering this fact the intruder passed on and gave a light tap at the door of Master Rollins. The next instant, as though the newcomer was expected, the door opened gently, and the man quietly entered.

I suddenly remembered that when I stored my kit under my berth I had noticed a crack in the partition between the staterooms, and stepping noiselessly out upon the floor I stooped down, pushed my bag to one side, and crawled in beside it. Placing my ear to the crack I was able to distinguish much that passed between Master Rollins and his visitor, though they conversed in whispers.

He was Captain Williamson, as I had suspected, and had evidently announced his failure to enter my room, for his companion was saying:

“It is too bad, Captain; so the first part of your plan fails.”

“Yes, and now I’ll try the second,” was the response.

“You’ll need to proceed with great caution, for if discovered they’ll be likely to put you down with the other prisoners,” Master Rollins now warned him.

“Yes,” the captain admitted, “but it’s worth the risk. If I can only crawl along to the hatch

and open it, the vessel is ours again. What we lack in weapons we shall make up in numbers, and can easily overpower the half dozen men on deck. Then Master Dunn down here and the men in the forecastle can be taken care of at our leisure."

"I shall stand by my agreement if you succeed, Captain Williamson, and add a hundred pounds to the one I am to give you when you land me on the cape."

"I have no fear about that, Master Rollins. You have done always just as you promised, but I think this time I shall have earned it," the officer commented, and turned to go.

I waited until I had heard him pass my door, and ascend the ladder to the deck; then I slipped out of my room and hurried after him. But the moment my head was above the hatchway I knew that his second plan had failed, for Midshipman Blinn had been on the alert, and detected his presence on deck.

"What does this mean, Captain Williamson?" he was demanding. "You know as well

as I do that you were not to come on deck during the night hours. I must insist that you return to the cabin immediately, or I shall have to put you in the brig with your men.”

For answer the captain did the most foolish thing he could have done under the circumstances. He sprang upon the speaker, doubtless with the intention of throwing him down, and passing over him to the middle hatch. Perhaps he thought that with a quick rush he could reach it and let out the prisoners before the watch could prevent him.

But he had underestimated the quickness and strength of Master Blinn. Leaping to one side, the Midshipman avoided his antagonist, and himself became the attacker instead of the attacked. Grappling the Englishman by the waist, he called loudly for his men to come to his aid. I sprang forward to assist him, but two of the watch were before me, and when I reached his side, the burly Captain was subdued. Two minutes later he was in the hold with the other prisoners.

I quickly acquainted my executive officer with what I had seen and heard in the cabin, and so explained how I came to be on the deck so promptly. Then I said warmly—forgetting all titles in my appreciation of Master Blinn's good work:

“But I hardly was needed here, Tom. You were too alert for the Captain. No one could have done better. I shall make a full report of your part in this affair to Captain Tucker.”

“Thank you, Arthur,” he replied heartily, dropping into the same familiar strain. “But shall I go down after Master Rollins and put him in the brig?”

“No, I think not, at least at present,” I replied. “I judge he is one who leaves the risky part of his schemes for someone else to do, and so we have nothing to fear in that direction. Still, we'll keep a sharp eye on him, and put him under arrest the moment we see any reason for doing so. Now I'll go back to my room and finish out my watch below.”

I lay awake some time after reaching my

berth, and heard our passenger moving uneasily about his room. Once he cautiously opened his door, and looked out into the cabin, but he made no other attempt to investigate into the captain's whereabouts, so I went to sleep.

At breakfast, however, he ventured to inquire if Captain Williamson was sick.

"No," I answered, "he was foolish enough last night to try to liberate the prisoners, but Midshipman Blinn was on the alert, and put him into the hold with them."

He ate uneasily after that, and soon after, excusing himself, went back to his stateroom. Two hours later he sent for me, and, wondering what this move on his part meant, I slipped a pistol into my pocket, and went down to see him.

He closed the door of his room as soon as I was in it, and pushing a stool towards me, remarked politely:

"Sit down, Captain Dunn, I wish to have a little talk with you."

"Very well," I responded shortly.

“I have a proposal to make,” he went on blandly, “one that will be of great advantage to you personally.”

I bowed, and waited for him to go on.

“I have reasons,” he continued smoothly, “for not wishing to land in any New England port. So I had arranged with Captain Williamson to put me ashore in some retired spot on Cape Cod. I was to give him one hundred pounds in gold for doing this. The capture of the brig by your frigate has of course made it impossible for him to fulfill his contract. But if you will render me the same favor, I shall be glad to give you the same compensation.”

I thought a moment. There certainly was something strange in the man's statement. It was clear he did not care to face the Continental authorities, and I could easily understand how there might be good reasons for that. But why he was equally anxious to avoid a port like Boston where the British were in control, for which the brig was making before her capture, I could not understand. Puzzle as I would over

it I could not explain that. Hoping to draw him out, however, I now said:

“Why not offer me the other hundred pounds you were going to give Captain Williamson if he recaptured the vessel?”

He stared at me in sheer amazement. Evidently how I came to know of this fact perplexed him. But he finally replied:

“Well, I will do it. Land me in a retired spot anywhere below Boston, and you shall have the two hundred pounds.”

I laughed. “I couldn’t think of it for that amount,” I declared. “Captain Williamson could do it, and it was none of his crew’s business why he put you ashore in one place rather than in another. But here with me is another officer and ten seamen, any one of whom could report my act to Captain Tucker. I must have enough to buy their silence.”

I said this to ascertain to what extent he was willing to go in order to secure his release, though I had no idea of accepting any terms he might propose.

“True,” he responded hopefully. “I never thought of that. Well, you shall have one thousand pounds in gold for setting me ashore, and you may divide it up with your men as you please.”

I was absolutely startled at this offer. Evidently the whole matter was a more serious one than I had imagined. Whoever Master Rollins was, he was too important a personage to be allowed to go. But to keep up the farce a little longer I managed to query:

“But how do I know you have got so much money at your command? That is a big sum, Master Rollins.”

His face flushed—in anger, I thought, at my insinuation that he might not be able to pay me the sum named. If so, he conquered himself, for in an instant he said haughtily:

“I forget that you do not know me, Captain Dunn. But you shall see for yourself,” and pulling out two small leather cases from under his berth he threw them open, removed a few garments, and then exclaimed:

“Look!”

I did look with bulging eyes. In one were coins of gold—guineas, nobles, sovereigns—hundreds of them; in the other there were coins of silver—crowns, half-crowns, and farthings even more numerous.

“I have five thousand pounds there,” he declared, and I did not doubt him.

But who was this strange man? An army paymaster? No, or he would have been glad to have gone into Boston—*unless he was absconding with the money which was to pay the wages of the British soldiers*. Like a flash the thought came to me. The usual place for a paymaster was on a frigate, surrounded by a force that could convey him to his destination beyond all question. But if he was trying to make off with the money, what was more natural than for him to take passage from England to the Azores, and from there to America where he would wish to avoid both British and Continental authorities. In fact, the more quietly he could slip into the country, the better. I was

sure I had found the true explanation why he made his strange proposal—his tremendous offer. But that was a matter the Continental authorities could settle. My duty was clear. It was to guard the man and his money every moment until we reached port and I had turned him over to the proper tribunal. This decision reached, I said quietly:

“I am satisfied, Master Rollins. Close up your boxes, and put them back under the berth.”

He did so, and then remarked: “You see I can pay you the amount promised, Captain Dunn, large as it is.”

“Certainly, sir,” I admitted, “but come now with me.”

Without hesitation he followed me into the cabin.

“Close and lock your door,” I now directed, and he complied, but in a way that showed he was a little puzzled by my commands.

“Now come in here,” I continued, throwing open the door of what had been Captain Will-

iamson's room, and stepping back to allow him to enter first. He did so reluctantly, and no sooner was he well within the room than he turned upon me asking:

“What does this mean, Captain Dunn?”

“This,” I explained, drawing my pistol from my pocket and holding it so it was ready for instant use. “You are evidently too important a personage to be allowed to escape in any way, Master Rollins. I shall keep you in here under guard until we are safe in port, and you have been turned over to the Continental authorities. They shall decide who you are, and to whom your gold and silver rightly belongs. Meantime you have the satisfaction of knowing it is locked up and the key is in your pocket. It shall not be touched until you yourself open the door for the men to whom I am responsible.” And with these words I stepped back into the cabin, and closing the door locked him in. Five minutes thereafter an armed sailor stood before the door, nor was it without a guard for a single moment until we reached Lynn.

With strict instructions to Midshipman Blinn to take good care of Master Rollins until I returned, I hurried on shore and visited the Continental agent. Reporting the prize, I then acquainted him with the astonishing discovery I had made, and my own surmise about the mysterious passenger.

“We will soon know,” he declared after hearing my story, “and let me add, too, Midshipman Dunn, you have handled this whole matter with much discretion and have proved that your love of country is superior to British gold,” and he shook my hand warmly.

He returned with me to the brig. First, he had an interview with Master Rollins, who soon broke down under his sharp questioning, and made a full confession.

He was Major Ralph Walker, and a paymaster in the British army. Entrusted with the five thousand pounds to pay off the soldiers in Boston, he had run away with the money and sailed for the Azores. There he had secured

passage on the brig, and made his arrangements with her captain to slip quietly into the colonies, where he hoped under an assumed name to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth.

His confession finished, he willingly opened the door of his stateroom, and delivered all his personal effects to the Continental official. Among his baggage were found papers fully substantiating the story he had told.

The decision of the agent was quickly given. The circumstances under which the man had been apprehended made no difference. He was a British officer, and therefore a legitimate prisoner of war; the money he carried was British property, and therefore a legitimate prize; an opinion sustained by the entire naval committee a few weeks later. So the five thousand pounds sterling, added to the value of the brig and her cargo, made her capture the most valuable prize our frigate had yet taken.

I never saw Master Rollins, or Major Walker, as I should call him, again. But I heard some

months later that he had been liberated on parole, and had disappeared. Probably he went to some part of the colonies where he was unknown, and there began life anew, though in poverty instead of in wealth as he had planned.

CHAPTER X

WE CAPTURE A FRIGATE

My orders had been to remain in port with my crew until the *Franklin* arrived, as Captain Tucker, at the time I left him, expected to bring in his next prize. He did, but it was two weeks before he came. The prize he brought was a good one, however, and well worth his fortnight of waiting. It was a brig from Cork, Ireland, bound to Boston with a cargo of beef, pork, butter and coal. There had been a little rumor connected with her capture, which Lieutenant Fettyplace told me about soon after his arrival.

The vessel was sighted just before she entered

Massachusetts Bay, and a chase began. But no sooner did she find our frigate was after her than she turned and came down to meet her. When near enough she signalled that her captain would like to come on board but had no boat, all having been swept from the deck in a recent gale, as was afterwards explained. So Captain Tucker sent a yawl after him.

He soon arrived, a short, fat, jolly Irishman. Bowing low before our commander upon reaching our deck, he began:

“Faith, yer honor, I’m glad to see ye. I’ve been standin’ off an’ on here for two weeks now lookin’ for the likes of ye. I’m Jeremiah O’Brien, Capt’n of the brig *Blackfriar*, from Cork for Boston, with vittles for the British army. But I’ve got me pay safe in me pocket, sir, an’ not a snap cares I if me whole cargo falls into your hands. Nor is that jest the truth, yer honor. I do care. I’d rather ye Yankees, as ye are called, would ate the vittles while every mother’s son of those red-coated spalpeens in Boston go hungry. So, if ye please to tell me

where ye wish me to sail, me men and I'll become a prize-crew an' take the brig into port. Or if ye're 'fraid to trust me, pint ye own craft for the harbor, an' we'll follow in yer wake. What's the course, sir?" and with another low bow he waited for Captain Tucker to speak.

"This is most extraordinary, sir," our skipper said coldly. "Pray may I ask what you expect for this betrayal of your trust?"

"There's no betrayal of trust, yer honor," he returned somewhat hotly. "I told me ship-owners I wouldn't sail the brig over to the colonies for them without my pay straight down for the entire voyage, an' that I was no coward an' shouldn't run away from any armed vessel that gave me chase, however big it was, but that they must run the risk of my capture. I'm a man of my word, sir. Ye began to chase me, an' not a bit did I run from ye. Here I am standing boldly on your deck, though at the risk of losin' me brig. What's the odds, sir? If I don't give ye the vessel, ye'll take her, so she's yours under either circumstance. An' do ye

ask what I expect? It's the privilege of enlistin' in yer navy soon as I'm in port, sir, where I can do my best to feed yer Yankee soljers by capturin' just such craft as that," and he waved his hand towards the *Blackfriar*, while our men broke into a cheer.

The outcome of this singular interview was that Captain O'Brien and his crew actually sailed the brig into Lynn, following in the wake of the *Franklin*; and soon after she arrived there her commander entered our navy as a lieutenant and did loyal service for the colonies.

The frigate sailed again within a few days, but we did not go with her. By "we" I mean Captain Tucker and myself. Two or three days after his arrival in port the Captain was notified that he was to be transferred to the *Hancock*. He was kind enough to request that I also be transferred, a request that was promptly granted.

This transfer was for both of us a promotion, at least we so regarded it; a promotion for Captain Tucker, for the *Hancock*, though schooner

rigged, was larger than the *Franklin*, and carried eight more guns and fifty more men; a promotion for myself, for though I still held only a midshipman's commission, I was the senior officer in my rank, and on the new vessel was assigned to the duties of a third-lieutenant, and received a third lieutenant's pay. Our first officer was Lieutenant Richard Stiles, and our second Lieutenant Nicholas Ogilby.

We left port May 9th (1776), and ran up the coast for our first cruise. For a time the good fortune that had attended us when on the frigate seemed to desert us. Instead of running in with a prize immediately we sailed north as far as Cape Race without even catching sight of one. In fact it was not until we had turned our bow homeward that we discovered anything to chase. Then we ran in with the ship *Peggy* which eventually became ours, and proved to be the most valuable vessel and cargo we had taken. I say eventually became ours, for there were circumstances connected with her capture as singular as interesting.

We sighted her in the latitude of Halifax—just after she had left port as it afterward proved—and sailed down towards her. Soon we were near enough to see she carried eight guns, and had a score or more of men on her deck. While we watched a flag was run up to her peak, and under the glass we made out that it was similar to the one flying at our masthead—at least there was a pine tree upon it.

“She must be an American privateer,” remarked Lieutenant Stiles when Captain Tucker announced this fact.

“Then why does she set so low in the water?” the Captain queried. “There must be a heavy cargo between her decks for her to settle down like that.”

“Perhaps she has taken some prize and for some reason transferred its cargo to her own hold,” suggested Lieutenant Ogilby.

“It is possible, of course,” admitted Captain Tucker. “We will run up and speak with her.”

She was so heavily loaded we had no difficulty in overhauling her, and to Captain Tuck-

er's hail: "On board ship! Who are you?" there came the prompt answer: "American privateer *Peggy*, from Machias, Captain Edward Saunders. Who are you?"

"Continental schooner of war *Hancock*, Captain Samuel Tucker, on a cruise."

"I have heard of you, Captain Tucker, and am now glad to see you," shouted the skipper of the *Peggy*. "Wish I was near enough to shake hands with you. Hope you are having your usual good luck in securing prizes."

"Thanks! but we have run in with nothing on this cruise," said our commander. "But judging by the draught of your vessel, Captain Saunders, you have had a better fortune."

"Yes," was the response. "We captured a brig yesterday. But the shot we meant to send across her bow struck her in the water line. We had only time to transfer her cargo to our own hold, when she went down. We are now in no condition for a chase and so are homeward bound."

"A safe voyage home!"

“The same to you!”

And then we sheered off and ran out to sea, while the privateer kept on down the coast. Two days later we were below the Seal Islands when our lookout reported a sail dead ahead of us.

“What does she look like?” asked Lieutenant Stiles, who at that time was in charge of the deck.

“Blast me, sir! She looks all the world like that ship *Peggy*,” was the old salt’s ejaculation. “Only whoever she is, she’s flying the British flag.”

I was sent aloft with my glass to see if I could make her out, but could only confirm the report of the lookout.

“Keep your eye on her, Master Dunn,” the lieutenant directed. “We’ll run down nearer to her.”

In a half-hour I called out:

“She is certainly the ship *Peggy*, but she is carrying the English colors. No! there she runs them down, and is hoisting the Pine Tree flag

in their place. Can it be she has changed them because she has discovered we are following her?"

"It looks that way, Midshipman Dunn," the officer assented. "I'll report the matter to Captain Tucker."

He immediately came on deck, climbed up to the cross-trees, and, taking the glass from my hand, looked long and searchingly at the distant sail, and then said:

"There is something strange about this, Master Dunn. She is far south of her home port. We'll overhaul her again, and look at her papers."

In another hour we were in hailing distance, and Captain Tucker shouted:

"Ahoy, there, privateer *Peggy*! How comes it we find you down here?"

"We have decided to run down to Portsmouth," the voice of Captain Saunders answered.

"Heave to! I must have a look at your papers," our commander then announced.

“That’s all right. I’ll bring them over at once,” was the ready response.

Then the *Peggy* hove to; a boat was put out, and Captain Saunders came over to us. Greeting him politely, Captain Tucker led him down to the cabin. Then his visitor handed his papers to him. The Captain passed them on to me as his secretary, saying: “Look them over, Midshipman Dunn;” then entered into conversation with his guest.

I went carefully through the documents. They were regularly made out, and there was not the slightest reason for doubting the *Peggy*’s claim to be an American privateer.

“The papers are all right, sir,” I announced, “though I would rather you would pass judgment upon them.”

He smiled, and taking them glanced at them. Then he said to Captain Saunders:

“Pardon me, sir, for putting you to all this trouble. But you know the enemy is now using all sorts of means to deceive us, and we have to

follow out our merest suspicions if we do not want to be outwitted."

"That is so, Captain Tucker," his visitor responded. "I know something about that myself. You don't feel very well to find they have made a fool of you. But you are a sharp one, Captain. It will take a smart man to get the best of you. No apology, however, is necessary for delaying me. Really, I'm glad to have made you this brief visit," and he arose to depart.

In a few minutes the vessels for the second time parted company.

"I wonder why the Captain did not ask him about his flying the English flag," I remarked to Lieutenant Ogilby, to whom I had been relating what had occurred in the cabin.

"He must have forgotten it," that officer said.

"Oh, the papers being straight, he doubtless thought it none of his business," chimed in Lieutenant Stiles, who joined us at that moment.

Three days later we were off Cape Cod when our lookout again called out:

“Ship in sight, sir, two points off our star-board quarter.”

“Not the ship *Peggy* this time is it, Jake?” inquired Lieutenant Stiles, for again he happened to be in charge of the deck, while the same old salt was in the cross-trees.

“Yes, sir,” was the unexpected response. “Ship *Peggy*, that is what she is, sir; and she has the British flag at her peak, and is sailin’ to round the cape. Guess she’s goin’ to New York this time, sir.”

Lieutenant Stiles went up the mast at a bound, and gazed at the sail through his glass for some minutes. Then he came down as rapidly as he had gone up, and said to me as he passed on his way to the cabin:

“It’s she, Master Dunn, and she’s changed her flag again now that she has discovered our approach.”

He returned in a moment with Captain Tucker, who was as excited as himself. The look on my face as I glanced at him led him to

stop abruptly and ask: "What do you think of her, Master Dunn?"

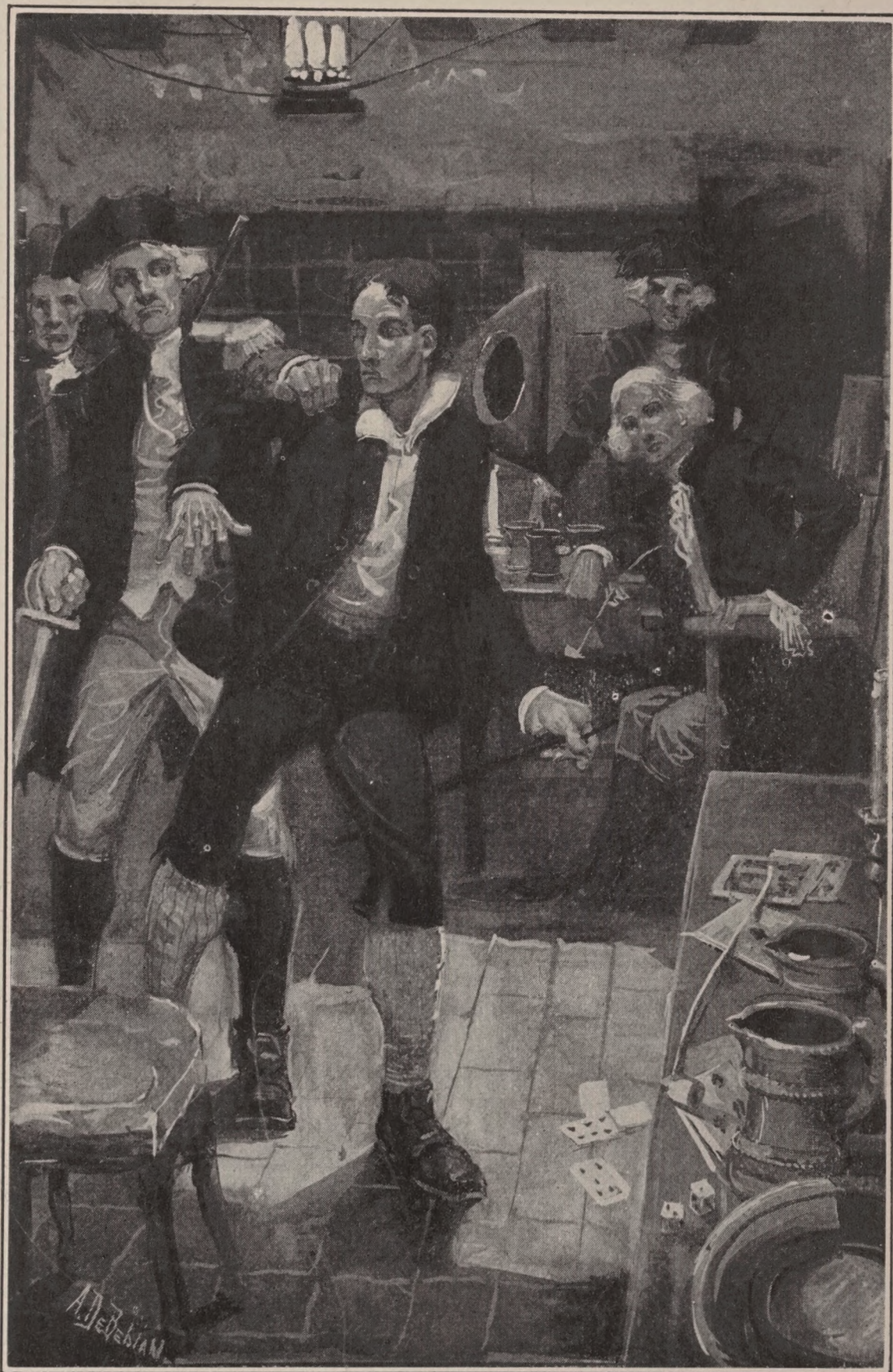
"That she is a British merchantman, bound for New York, with a cargo so valuable she is taking extraordinary means to prevent capture. She has double papers, sir, and has shown only the false ones to us."

"I think you have struck the nail on the head this time," he declared. "But if we again overhaul her, she won't outwit us again."

Possibly her captain was of a similar opinion, for he did his best to keep out of our clutches. It was clear he did not relish a third interview with Captain Tucker.

It was, however, inevitable. Gradually we came up with the craft, and a shot from our bow-chaser brought her to.

"Take the yawl and ten men with you, Lieutenant Stiles, and send Captain Saunders over here, no matter how much he may protest, while you remain there and make a thorough search of his cabin. Find everything you can to throw



“ Master Dunn, you are my prisoner.”

light on the ship's real character," was Captain Tucker's command.

"Aye, aye, sir," the officer responded in a tone that showed he relished the order; and I confess I almost envied him his assignment.

In fifteen minutes Captain Saunders was on our deck, angrily declaring that Captain Tucker's procedure was an outrage. At that moment my arm was pulled by Bill Nye, an old sailor.

"I ax yer pardon, sir," he said in a loud whisper, "but that ain't Capt'n Saunders, it's Captain John Linscot of Halifax. I'se sailed with him more'n once to the West Indies."

"Come with me, Bill!" I said, leading him aft.

Reaching the two captains I announced:

"Captain Tucker, here's a man who wishes to throw a little light on the question you are trying to settle."

"What is it, Bill?" the Captain inquired, while his prisoner suddenly stopped talking and stared at the old sailor.

“I only wishes to say, sir, that I know that man. I’s e sailed more’n once with him. He’s Capt’n John Linscot of Halifax.”

“Man, you are mistaken,” thundered the discomfited skipper.

“We shall soon know,” Captain Tucker remarked quietly. “Lieutenant Stiles is returning.”

A minute or two later the yawl touched the schooner’s side, and the executive officer, leaping to her deck, crossed over to where the captain was standing. Saluting him he reported:

“I find, sir, that yonder ship is not an American privateer, but an English merchantman from London to Halifax, where she changed captains and then sailed for New York. She has a cargo of muskets, pistols, ammunition, and army supplies inventoried at fifteen thousand pounds sterling.”

As he closed his report the English captain laughed.

“I admit it, Captain Tucker. I knew you were cruising off our coast, and prepared those

privateer papers to outwit you, and succeeded twice. I could hardly expect to do it a third time. I congratulate you, sir, on taking the finest prize that is likely to be on these seas this season."

"I can afford to be as magnanimous, and confess that you are the smartest Englishman I ever met," our commander responded.

"I told you at our last interview that it took a smart man to outwit you," the Britisher retorted, "but I don't feel as smart as I did then."

A hearty laugh followed and the rival captains shook hands. Then a large prize crew was put on board the *Peggy*, and, under the escort of the *Hancock*, for she was too great a treasure to send into port alone, she sailed for Lynn.

In a week we were at sea again, and a rich series of captures followed. Between that time and the next spring we took forty vessels, many of them with valuable cargoes.

Then came a prize, the thought of which

makes my blood tingle even to this day. We had been into Salem with prizes. Soon after getting out to sea we caught sight of a distant sail. On approaching her we discovered by her tier of guns that she was an English frigate—much larger than the *Hancock*. Undismayed, Captain Tucker turned to his executive officer, saying:

“Crowd on all sail, Lieutenant Stiles. The sooner we can close in with that fellow the better.”

When this command had been obeyed, he continued:

“Have the drum beat all hands to quarters. I wish to address them.”

When we were in place, he said:

“Men of the *Hancock*! I suspect yonder frigate is the *Fox*, which for some weeks has been scourging our shores. As you see, she is larger than we are, and carries twelve more guns. I shall not therefore enter into a cannon duel with her. I shall put our vessel alongside of her and board her. The moment we touch sides

I wish three different parties to be ready to leap upon her deck—one forward, one aft, and one amidships. Midshipman Dunn is to lead the first, Lieutenant Ogilby the second, and Lieutenant Magee, commander of the marines, the third.”

Noticing that the latter officer seemed to hesitate, as though he would decline the desperate office, he turned to him, saying with a smile:

“If you prefer, sir, you may take my place here, and I will lead the boarders, for she must be taken.”

“No,” replied the gallant young officer, “I will go and do my best, and if I fall, will you send these to my only sister?” and he handed the captain a ring, a watch, and a miniature.

In a few minutes, by a sudden and rapid change of the helm—for in nautical manœuvering Captain Tucker was unsurpassed by any officer in the infant navy—he laid our vessel alongside of the frigate, gun to gun, and before a shot could be fired, or a piece of ordnance brought to bear upon us, he threw his grappling

irons upon her gunwale, and our boarding parties poured down upon her deck.

I can give you little idea of the terrific hand to hand conflict that now took place. I was a part of the battle, not a spectator of it. But I know that the intrepid Magee fell in the onset. Heading his band of marines, he leaped the bulwark, but scarcely had his feet touched the deck of the enemy before he was assailed by numbers and a sword pierced his breast.

But his death was not unavenged. Captain Tucker, seeing him fall, leaped like a lion into his place, and with his stalwart arm cut down all before him. Having made an open way across the deck for his men, he rallied them into two lines, back to back, and fought his opponents in both directions, forward and aft.

Meantime I had reached my position with my division and we drove all on the bow back to meet the dauntless Captain, while Lieutenant Ogilby and his men, charging the quarter-deck, drove the enemy forward against our command-

er's second line drawn up to receive them. In this way we soon swept the deck, and the frigate struck her colors. Three rousing cheers from our brave men proclaimed the victory.

CHAPTER XI

A DISTINGUISHED PASSENGER ON BOARD

I come now to an incident about which I love to write. It was the Christmas present given Captain Tucker the following December (1777). This was the brand new frigate *Boston*. She was presented to him in Boston, and named for that town. She carried twenty-four guns and one hundred and seventy-five men, beside her company of marines, and in her equipment surpassed any other vessel in commission at that time.

But not only was the vessel given the Captain; he was also given the privilege of selecting

all of his commissioned officers. It took him a month to complete the list. Our three lieutenants were Henry Phips, Hezekiah Welch and Benjamin Bates, ranking in the order they are named. We had five midshipmen, of whom I held the senior rank. The second was Thomas Blinn, who had been with us on the *Franklin* and who was appointed to the new frigate at my request. The other three were new men to us, but gallant fellows who had given a good account of themselves on other vessels. They were William Day, Edward Eades, and Thomas LeMoyne.

Our master of arms was William Baker from the *Hancock*; and one of our boatswains was also an old friend, Joseph Lewis from the *Franklin*. I believe all the rest of our officers and crew were new men. We had a chaplain, Rev. Benjamin Balch, and a surgeon, Dr. Thomas Burns. The officers of our marines were Captain Seth Boxter, First Lieutenant Jeremiah Reed, Second Lieutenant William Cooper, and Sergeant Benjamin Newhall. I

speak of these different officers here so that when they are hereafter alluded to in this narrative the reader may have a clear idea of their place on shipboard.

From the hour we went on board the *Boston* we had the feeling that she was to be assigned to some important mission. No one had said so, yet among the officers and crew alike there was a feeling of expectancy. Perhaps it was the newness of the vessel, her fine equipment, the special care taken in selecting her men and putting in of her stores that gave rise to this impression.

We went on board of the craft December 27th. The new year came, a month passed, but still we waited. The first of February an incident occurred which led us to believe the time of our sailing was drawing near. A new banner arrived for the frigate—the flag adopted by the American Congress and destined to be known ere long the world over as the emblem of liberty—the stars and stripes. Amid the cheers of our men it was unfurled from our masthead, and as

in the case of the Pine Tree banner on the *Franklin*, so now it was my own hand that pulled the rope that set the bunting free.

Nine days later Captain Tucker was summoned before the Chairman of the Naval Committee. I now know what took place at that interview, and will relate it here.

“Sir,” the official said, “you are directed by the American Congress to receive the Honorable John Adams upon your frigate and convey him as a special envoy to France. I am also instructed to add that in some way the object of this mission to France has become known to the enemy and they have already sent a British seventy-four and two other frigates up from Newport to keep watch over this harbor and prevent if possible the departure of the vessel which is to carry the envoy. To escape a force so vigilant and formidable, and to avoid the numerous men of war which infest the track across the Atlantic, requires an officer of consummate skill and intrepidity. Congress has full confidence in you, and for that reason has

chosen you commander of the vessel which is to perform this mission. In this document are your orders in detail, which we shall expect you to execute to the letter," and he handed the paper to the Captain, who, receiving it, replied:

"I assure you, sir, and the other members of the Naval Committee, that I appreciate the honor conferred upon me, and shall endeavor to the best of my ability to merit the confidence you repose in me. If for any reason I fail to reach the assigned port with my distinguished passenger, it will not be because I have been unfaithful to my trust."

On the 16th day of the month Master Adams was received on board of the *Boston* with all the honors of his high position; and on the 17th, at seven P. M., we weighed anchor at the Nantasket Roads, and proceeded to sea, with the stripes and stars waving to a fine northwestern breeze, and with the firing of a salute of seven guns.

At the beginning of the log-book of that voyage, which now lies before me, are the words

written in Captain Tucker's own hand: "Pray God conduct me safe to France, and send me a prosperous voyage." This brief but all inclusive prayer was granted, but not without some mishaps, and some occasions for doubt and fear.

Our departure at nightfall had been purposely arranged to slip by the watching frigates at the mouth of the bay under the cover of the darkness. Without a light we moved swiftly down the harbor, and when below Long Island were able to make out the lights of the three English vessels, a mile or two apart, and sailing to and fro in a way to intercept any craft that might attempt to leave the haven by the usual routes.

The seventy-four was farthest north, and her great draught prevented her from running within two miles of the shore. Captain Tucker, who stood near the helm, was quick to notice this fact, and gave orders to sail the *Boston* between the great frigate and the land. Possibly the Britisher was not expecting a vessel so

large as the *Boston* to take this course, and so kept no special lookout in that direction; or it may be that the absence of lights rendered our ship invisible at that distance in the darkness. For some reason we made the passage in safety, and in an hour were well out to sea.

In some way, however, the enemy must have learned of our departure for on the 19th at six P. M., we saw three large ships to the east of us, bearing the British flag and concluded that they were the ones watching especially for us. Captain Tucker at once gave orders for our frigate to haul away to the south-west, and so far as we were able to detect in the darkness we were not pursued. Early the next morning the captain called all of his commissioned officers into consultation, and, as the enemy were nowhere in sight, it was decided to return to our original course. We had run but an hour to the northward, however, when we caught sight of two of the pursuing frigates—one of twenty guns, the other, like ourselves, of twenty-four guns. But

almost immediately the man at the masthead called out:

“Ship of war on our weather quarter, sir!”

In a short time we were confident it was the English seventy-four. This settled the fact that our enemies were both persistent and vigilant, and would intercept us if they could.

Another consultation was therefore held to which Master Adams was invited, and our situation was freely discussed. Not knowing how fast the *Boston* would sail, it was concluded to stand away again for the southwest, and at ten A. M., we wore ship and proceeded in that direction. The three Britishers promptly changed their courses, and pursued us.

At noon we had lost sight of the smaller vessel; at two o'clock we set our fore and maintop mast steering sail, and soon found we were leaving the other vessels behind. At six we had lost sight of them in the darkness.

An anxious night followed. We were running at the rate of seven knots an hour, and we had reason to believe that the other vessels were

making as good a pace. Would they continue on their present course throughout the night? If so, could we not by dropping off a point or two throw them off our track? These and similar questions arose in the mind not only of our commander, but also in the minds of all of our officers.

Double watches were kept on the deck. Captain Tucker never left it. For three hours we held to the course we had been following before nightfall. Then we fell off a little, though it reduced our speed to six knots. We ran on the new course for another three hours, and then to our chagrin our lookout reported the lights of a large ship almost directly ahead of us. It was evident that while we had shaken off the smaller frigate, the seventy-four was still on our trail.

We could not weather her on our present course, so we hove in stays and stood to the westward. She followed us. For an hour or two we held to the new direction, then we suddenly hove in stays again, and passed her to the windward, and about four miles off.

But she detected the movement, and changing her own course, continued to chase us. Again tacking ship, we soon had the satisfaction of knowing we had at last struck a course in which the *Boston* was distancing her enemy, and when morning dawned she was out of sight, and we saw no further trace of her.

But barely had we escaped one danger when we ran in with another. A north-east gale swept down upon us, and for nine days we battled with wind and rain and sleet and snow, and were compelled at times to heave to, and at other times to sheer around and run before the storm. I do not think we gained a hundred miles on our way during the tempest.

Then came gentle breezes from the south, the temperature moderated, the snow and ice that had encased us disappeared, and we made fair progress towards our destination.

One day during this spring-like weather, we sighted a vessel to the south-east, which was standing to the west. We changed our course to intercept her, and in a short time were able

to make out that she was a large merchantman, carrying twelve guns.

There was no question but that she also saw us; and seeing us, she must have known that we were larger than she, and mounted two guns to her one. Yet she made no attempt to escape us, or, for that matter, to come up with us. She simply kept on her way. When a little nearer, however, we noticed that her plucky commander was preparing himself for an attack. All hands had been piped to their stations. His guns were being shotted, and made ready for firing. His attitude said as plainly as words: "Let me alone, and I'll let you alone. But if you attack me, you'll find me ready. I shall defend myself to the best of my ability." Though we had not yet spoken a word with him, he inspired us with a feeling of profoundest respect.

Had we been without our distinguished passenger, we should have hastened to the attack. But our first duty was to care for his safety, though there had been nothing in Captain Tucker's orders to prevent him from taking a prize

if she fell in his way. Confident that the ship ahead of him must contain a valuable cargo, or she would not be so heavily armed, our commander felt it would be a grave mistake to allow her to pass unmolested. Yet he would not assume the responsibility of attempting her capture alone. He therefore called Master Adams and his officers into council, frankly stating his wish to seize the magnificent ship now in sight.

Master Adams was the first to speak when he had stated the case:

“If I were not here, Captain Tucker,” he said, “you would not hesitate at all in making the attack, would you?”

“Not an instant,” acknowledged the captain.

“Then consider that I am not here, and go ahead,” continued the brave envoy. “I agree with you that yonder vessel must have a fine cargo, or she would not take along twelve guns and at least two score men to protect it. If so valuable to her government, it is more valuable to us. We should not miss the opportunity to make it ours.”

That settled the matter, and instantly the frigate was alive with activity. The men were drummed to their stations; the reefs were shaken out of our top-sails; the guns were made ready for action; the marines were drawn up amidships ready to rake the deck of the enemy with their muskets; and away we dashed in pursuit of the craft.

Having executed my last order, I paused a moment to glance about me. What a fine appearance the frigate made when ready for battle! How earnest and reliant our men seemed! For an instant I was lost in admiration of the scene, and then my attention was diverted. I saw Master Adams seize a musket, and take his place with the marines. Evidently he was going to take part in the fray. But the Captain discovered him a little later, and stepping up to him and placing his hand on his shoulder, he said with a voice of authority:

“Master Adams, I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go below, sir.”

Master Adams smiled, and went down to the cabin, but with such evident reluctance our men broke into a cheer.

By this time we were well up with the ship, and our skipper by one of those quick manœuvres for which he was noted put his own vessel into the position he desired. His guns were ready, his men were at their posts, the match stocks were smoking and yet he hesitated to give the order to fire. At this delay the crew grew impatient, and, seeing so fine a chance to strike a fatal blow passing, they began to murmur. Then Captain Tucker cried out in a loud voice:

“Hold on, my men! I wish to save that egg without breaking the shell!”

Nor were they compelled to hold on long, for the commander of the merchantman, plucky as he was, saw the advantageous position our frigate was in, and how desperate his own chance was, and so he struck his colors without our firing a gun.

CHAPTER XII

TO HALIFAX PRISON

Ten minutes after her flag was run down I was upon her deck with a prize crew. Midshipman Blinn was with me, and I soon sent him back to the frigate with a report that gave both officers and crew much satisfaction. The prize was the ship *Martha*, Captain Peter McIntosh, bound from London to New York with a cargo of provisions, stores, and merchandise, valued at eighty thousand pounds sterling. The crew consisted of thirty-nine officers and men, and there were five passengers, making a total of forty-four.

Master Blinn returned in a short time with an order from Captain Tucker, putting me in temporary charge of the vessel, and directing me to first send her crew and passengers to the *Boston* for safe keeping, and then, since it was nearly night, to tack ship and follow the frigate on her course until morning.

At dawn a change was made in my ship's company. Midshipman Blinn was recalled to the *Boston*, and Midshipman LeMoyne was substituted in his place, to act as my executive. Philip Mohyes, a quartermaster, was also sent over to be my second officer. With him came six new men, increasing my crew to fifteen. Master LeMoyne brought with him the following letter:

“On board the *Boston* Frigate.

March the 11th, 1778.

To Midshipman Arthur Dunn:

Gentleman—You are now appointed to the command of the ship *Martha*. I desire you would make the best of your way to Boston, running up your longitude in 37° north as far as 68° west. Be careful to avoid all vessels you

may see, keeping a man at the masthead from daybreak until dark, and if you should be so unfortunate as to be taken, destroy my letters with your signals. If you go safe, lodge my signals at the Navy Board, not showing them to your nearest friend. Be very certain of your lights—to show none in any respect. When you arrive, acquaint the Honorable Board of every instance that has happened in my passage, and I desire you would be as attentive to the ship in port as at sea. Keep regular orders, as you would at sea, and the men under the same subjection. Other orders are to yourself discretionary in defending the ship.

Your well-wisher,

SAMUEL TUCKER,
Commanding.”

As rapidly as possible I made my arrangements for a departure, and soon signalled the frigate that I was ready to sail. A salute of seven guns was fired, and then with every stitch of canvas set I bore away west-north-west to reach the latitude assigned me, and along which I was to make my way home.

Three days passed without special incident. We reached the thirty-seventh parallel, and proceeded westward. Once or twice we caught sight of distant sails, but if they saw us they did not think we were worth the chasing. So when the sun went down on the third night after we had parted from the frigate our log showed we had made four hundred knots and all was well.

All was well when the sun set; all was not so well when the sun arose; for there, not over two miles away, was an English frigate of thirty-two guns, and a few minutes of watching revealed that she was fast overhauling us.

I could not then, nor can I after all these years, discover any reason why we were to blame for the dilemma in which we now found ourselves. I had strictly obeyed the orders which Captain Tucker had given me. We had carried no lights during the night, and it could not therefore have been these that had attracted the attention of the enemy, and led him to pursue us. It was clearly one of those cases of hap-

pen so, over which we have no control. The Britisher had happened to be cruising in that locality; the dawn had disclosed our proximity, and she had given chase.

But whatever the circumstances, they could not change the fact that we were pursued by a foe so formidable that, should she overhaul us, it would be folly to resist her. Our only hope was to keep out of her clutches, and even this I confess was not at that time very reassuring. Still we did all we could to distance her. I gave orders to spread every sail, and to put the ship on a course where I knew she would do her best. An hour passed, and so far as we could detect, our pursuer was no nearer than when we had discovered her. Our hopes brightened. Could we only hold our present rate of speed throughout the day, we might with the coming of the night elude her.

Noon came. The frigate was nearer us than in the morning, but still too far away to reach us with her cannon. The rate she was gaining on us made it doubtful that she would come

within firing distance before sunset. Every man on our ship breathed easier.

At four o'clock she fired a shot, but it fell fifty fathoms short of us—far enough away to escape us, yet too uncomfortably near to be pleasant. It was disagreeable to feel that a gain of three hundred feet would allow the ball to drop on our deck.

I had already resorted to nearly every device I could conceive of to increase the speed of our craft. One remained—the wetting of our sails—but the low temperature had prevented me from trying that. It would not only mean cold work for us, but also an icy deck and sails. Still, anything was preferable to our falling into the hands of the enemy, and I therefore turned to Master LeMoyne, and asked him the advisability of making the experiment.

“Do you notice how the jibs are bellowing?” he responded. “Why not try the water on them? It will enable them to hold the wind, and may be sufficient to keep the ship out of the Britisher's reach until dark.”

I accepted the suggestion, and in five minutes had our brave men dashing the icy water on the canvas. It was not long before the effect was noticeable. We actually gained upon the frigate, and at sundown she was over a mile away.

The night came rapidly on, but not so dark as we could wish. Still I hoped that with no lights set we might get beyond the vision of the pursuer, and then, changing our course, elude her. Anxiously we waited for the moment to come when it would be safe for us to make the attempt.

It was long in coming, for the man-of-war did not hesitate to put out her own lights, and was therefore plainly visible to us, while it made it difficult for us to decide whether she could see us or not. Not far from nine o'clock, however, I concluded we could not discern the frigate were it not for her lights, and reasoned that she could no longer perceive us. So I ordered our course changed to due east. Two minutes later our pursuer altered her own course and fol-

lowed us. It was clear she could still make us out notwithstanding the darkness.

After a half hour's run to the eastward I became convinced that we were losing ground, and resumed our former course. The English craft as promptly swung in behind us.

"They have good eyes on board yonder frigate," I remarked to Quartermaster Mohyes, who stood near me.

"That they have, sir," he assented, "and unless we get a cloudy sky before morning I fear we shan't shake them off at all, sir."

It was a fear that kept every one of us on the deck that night—a fear that grew more and more into a certainty. Ten times I changed our helm; ten times the pursuing vessel took our trail—and morning came with her less than a half mile behind us.

To add to our discomfiture the stiff breeze of the last twenty-four hours died away to an occasional puff. Under the light wind with our heavy cargo we scarcely moved, while the frig-

ate, of lighter draft, crept steadily down upon us.

At seven o'clock a shot from her bow gun carried away our maintopmast, and sent sails and spars tumbling to the deck. This crippled us and enabled her to gain rapidly upon us, and soon she was where she could pour a broadside in upon us.

"Heave to, or we'll sink you," her commander shouted out, and with a heavy heart I gave the order to heave to the ship; then I hastened below, where, mindful of Captain Tucker's command, I destroyed the record of his signals, and his letter to me.

When I came out of the cabin a boat from our capturer was at our side. An instant later the officer in charge mounted to the deck and called out in pre-emptory tones:

"What craft is this? And who is in command of her?"

"The ship *Martha*, a prize of the Continental frigate *Boston*, Midshipman Arthur Dunn with a crew of fifteen in charge, and bound for Bos-

ton," I replied with the best grace I could assume.

"Show me the ship's original papers," he demanded.

Having anticipated such a request I had the papers with me, and now handed them to him. He looked them over, and then began to laugh uproariously. Finally he managed to say:

"This is rich. Thought you'd got a fine prize, didn't you? Planned to carry this cargo into Boston to feed your Yankee soldiers? Well, let me tell you 'there's many a slip between the cup and lip,' and they'll be a hungry lot before they ever eat of these stores. Captain Watson will see that they are sent to New York where they were designed to go. I've got a brother there to whom I shall write the whole story. Won't he and his comrades laugh when they hear how we took the bread right out of the mouth of your fellows!"

I made no reply, perhaps because I was not in sympathy with his hilarity. Then he called a half dozen of his men to the deck and put the

ship in their care, while he went back to the frigate to report to his commander.

Something in his report, or else the long chase I had led him, had ruffled the captain's temper, for he made quick work in disposing of us. In fifteen minutes we were transferred to the man-of-war, and confined in her brig.

The hatch that imprisoned us shut the *Martha* from our view, and we thought we had seen the last of her. Some of us had, but it was my privilege to see her again some months later and to learn her remarkable history.

The frigate put a strong crew upon her, and ordered her to sail in her wake to Halifax, the nearest British port. During the following night she in some way became separated from her consort, and before she could rejoin her was captured by a Continental privateer, who took her into Boston. So, contrary to the boast of the officer into whose hands I had surrendered her, our Yankee soldiers did feed upon her stores.

Had we known this not only as we lay in the

darkness of the hold of the *Royal Prince*, but during the more trying days that followed, I am quite sure our hearts would have been lighter. As it was, to the sufferings we had to bear was added the chagrin of the loss of the valuable vessel which had been entrusted to our care. At times I wondered what Captain Tucker would say when the tidings reached him. Would he blame us? Then I would think: "It matters little, for we shall never meet again."

Three days of darkness, of vermin, of filth and of scanty fare made us ready to exchange our quarters in the frigate for any other—it mattered not what they were or where. We knew they could not be worse. So three days later when we heard the rattling of the chains which told the vessel had come to anchor, and our hatch was opened and we were bidden to come forth, we obeyed the summons with delight.

The bright sunshine, the fresh air, never seemed so good before, and as we entered the waiting boats, and were taken ashore—in a town

which I at once recognized as Halifax—we were almost happy. Even when our captors, after our landing, conducted us up the street to the massive jail, we did not despair. There would at least be light there, even if the filth and fare were the same we had experienced on ship-board, and that would be something for the better. So with a firm tread and good courage we passed through the massive portals, where we were thrust into a room already overflowing with prisoners.

In five minutes we were ready to go back to the ship's hold without a murmur; and I hesitate to write the reason why lest the reader may think I state an untruth. It hardly seems possible that the worst of men could be guilty of so atrocious an act. Yet I am giving here the simple fact. We had been put into a room where the smallpox was raging. Nearly one-half of the score of men there were sick with the foul disease, and yet without medical attendance of any kind.

The place reeked with filth; the air was poi-

soned with contagious germs; the room was too small for the number of prisoners already there; the condition of the place must have been known to the prison authorities; yet into this pest-hole I was thrust with my fifteen men. No foe could have perpetrated a more gross cruelty; no fiends in human shape could have shown a greater malignity.

CHAPTER XIII

ON BOARD A BRITISH FRIGATE

It is impossible to give any adequate picture of the days which immediately followed. The horror of them is still upon me as I write. There are dangers which call out the best in man, which arouse all his faculties to face and overcome them; there are others that paralyze the arm and numb the brain and stupefy the soul. The danger before us was of this latter class. For an hour after I entered that room and learned the situation I sat dazed and stolid, and my men were in no better condition. We were hopeless.

It is said you can become accustomed to any-

thing. Possibly that is why my companions at length began to stir and speak. It was their reproaches that aroused me. "Why had we not fought the enemy on the deck of the *Martha*, and ended our lives there, instead of foolishly surrendering her, and dying here in this foul pen?" they were saying. They did not hesitate to throw the blame on me. Stung to the quick, I sprang to my feet. I threw off the lethargy I was in, and I said resolutely:

"Comrades, do not be unreasonable. You know I acted for the best when I surrendered the *Martha*. I did as any other wise commander would have done under the same circumstances. Let us suppose we had fought; some of us would have survived the conflict and been thrust in here to meet the same foul conditions. Can we tell which of us it might have been? Would we have been any better prepared to face the situation than now? Here we are all well and strong. Let us arouse ourselves. Let us do for these suffering men around us all we can do. Not every one who has the smallpox dies with it.

Let us face this foe as we would any other, and endeavor to conquer it; and if we do go down before it, let us die as we would on a ship's deck—like men, doing our duty for ourselves and others.”

I did not have to make a second appeal. A ringing “Aye, aye, sir!” followed my speech, and then the lads crowded about me asking what they should do.

“First, we’ll find who these suffering men are and how we can help them,” I answered. “Then we’ll see if we cannot clean up this foul pen, and make it more habitable. The disease will not rage so severely where there is no filth, I’ve been told; and it may be I can prevail upon the prison authorities to furnish us with clean beds and proper medical attendance. Rest assured I’ll do all I can to bring about a better condition of things here.”

“That you will, sir,” they responded, and turned with me to attend to the sick ones about us.

As I had expected, we found them all Colonial

prisoners. Some had been there for weeks, others like ourselves were newcomers. Two weeks before one of their number had come down with the smallpox, and the case had been promptly reported to the prison officials. The only thing that had been done by them, however, was to put a man in charge of the room who was an immune, and to bury the dead—for four of their number had already died from the disease.

I found the only thing we could do for the present was to place the suffering men in easier positions, and moisten their parched lips with the scanty supply of water at our command. But later, when the turnkey came—an old fellow, deaf and gruff and indifferent to our condition—I appealed to him to ask the superintendent of the jail to furnish us with implements for cleaning up the room, and with clean clothing for the sick, and with medical care.

He demurred, saying: “They won’t do nothin’ for ye. They’d rather ye’d die here like rats in a hole.”

Then I grew angry. "Tell him," I exclaimed, "that there is an officer in here who is not going to die with the disease, and as sure as he lives the home government shall know. Yea, the whole civilized world shall know how he is treating men whose only fault is that they are prisoners."

There must have been something in my looks or tones that startled him, for he shuffled away down the corridor, and going to the prison officials made known my demands, repeating word for word what I had said. The result was we were furnished with shovels, brooms, pails and water in abundance, and before night our quarters were clean.

A week passed, however, without any of my other demands being met. Six more men died, and were wrapped in their blankets, and carried away to their burial. Ten more of the men had come down with the contagion. The time was fast approaching when the disease might be expected to appear among my own crew. We needed everything—beds, clothing, better and

more food, and medicine. In my desperation I grew cunning. From a piece of wire I found in the possession of one of the men I manufactured a key, with which I could unlock our door.

I knew it only allowed me to enter the outside corridor, but even that circumstance I believed I could use to our advantage. Our turnkey was in the habit of communicating with us by a small opening in the door. In fact, the door had been thrown wide open but once since we had entered the prison—the day we had cleaned the room, and then four soldiers, all immunes, had stood in the passageway with loaded muskets to prevent our escape. Usually, however, the attendant came to the door alone.

With this fact in mind, near the noon hour I unlocked the door and waited. As soon as I heard the footsteps of the old man outside, I suddenly threw the door open, and sprang out upon him. He was so surprised I had no difficulty in catching him by the shoulders.

“Now lead me to the office,” I demanded.

“But you mustn’t go there, sir,” he cried in

alarm. "I'm told not so much as to let you into the corridor. You'll give the disease to the officials and the other prisoners."

"That is just what I propose to do," I retorted, shaking him as a terrier would a rat. "If we are not given clean beds and clothing and medicine, we'll tear this building down inch by inch; we'll scatter the germs of the smallpox on the air. Some of us may die in the attempt, but not until we have infected the whole town. So lead on or I'll throttle you!"

My loud voice and his equally loud remonstrances reached the ears of the superintendent, as I had intended they should, and he now peeped into the corridor to see what the trouble was. Catching enough of my words to comprehend both my demands and my threats, he called out:

"Don't come down here, sir! Let the turnkey go, and I'll do what you say. The things shall be sent you at once."

I looked doubtfully at him. "I don't know

whether to believe you or not," I then said slowly.

"I'll keep my word. I'll send men at once with the things, and they'll bring your old ones away, and burn them. Only go back into your room and stay there."

"I'll try you this once," I finally decided, releasing the turnkey. "But mark you, if you fail me, there'll be the hottest time in this old jail you ever saw. We can get out of the room when we please, and as I said, we may die in the attempt, but it will not be until we have exposed lots of you to the foul disease from which we are suffering," and I went back into the room.

He kept his word in part. The clean beds and clothing were brought, but we received no medical care or supplies, and so the next morning I repeated that part of my demand.

"The superintendent told me to tell you that he was trying to find a physician for you," the attendant said tremblingly, "but so far every one in town has refused to come here."

Another week passed. Eight more of the lads had ended their sufferings, and seven new cases of the disease had developed—among them three of my own men: Midshipman LeMoyne, Quartermaster Mohyes, and Elias Bowden, an old sailor.

Of the original prisoners—those in the room at our coming—there were only six surviving, so terrible had been the ravages of the scourge among them. Would there be as great a loss among my crew? I feared it, and though at that time of my life I was not much given to prayer, I now prayed:

“O, Lord, spare my men. Send us help in some way. We are in sore need.”

Over and over again I repeated the words, and in some way they gave me great comfort. I felt the help was coming, but I acknowledge it came in a way I little expected. The next morning there were hurried feet along our corridor, then the door suddenly swung back, and the funniest little Frenchman I ever saw popped in.

Short and fat, and dressed in the height of

fashion, he bowed repeatedly first to one, then to another of us, all the while talking in a strange mixture of good French and poor English. Between it all we made out that he was Doctor Jean Vignor, who had landed in the town the previous day. Learning by the merest accident of our situation, he had deemed it a great privilege to volunteer his services for our relief. The prison authorities had consented, and there he was to take the cases in hand.

“The leetlepox is nothing,” he declared with a majestic wave of the hand. “I have the remedy to cure, and the remedy to stop it;” and then he began to examine his patients.

He went from one to the other, nodding his head approvingly to some, and shaking his head seriously at others, and administering medicine to all. When the round was made, he came to me, whom he seemed to recognize as chief, saying:

“I cure him, and him, and him, and him,” pointing out the men as he spoke; “him and him and him I no cure.”

With a heavy heart I noticed that the three whom he had designated as beyond the reach of his healing powers were my own comrades. He now did what seemed to me a strange thing. He made every well man among us march up before him, and lancing a place in the arm he rubbed in a thick fluid which he took from a small vial in his case.

“You have not the pox now, or else have it light,” he explained. “My friend Doctor Jenner of London is what you call experimenting with it. Some day it will make him famous. He calls it vaccine.”

I now know he had vaccinated us—a common thing today, and a discovery which, as the Frenchman predicted, has made Doctor Jenner’s name well known the world over—but we had never heard of the process before, and could not appreciate its value then as we did a little later.

So droll was our new friend that he cheered our hearts; so well did he seem to understand the dread disease with which he battled that he

inspired our confidence; so strong was his influence with the prison authorities that he secured from them whatever he felt his patients needed; so completely did he transform our prison life that it seemed as though the sun had come out from the thick clouds and was sending its healing beams upon us. The only sadness that came to me while he was with us was the death of the three comrades whose cases he had at the very outset pronounced incurable. Even then he did all he could to comfort me, and obtained permission from the officials for me to accompany them to and mark their graves.

Of the remainder of our crew three did not have the smallpox at all—William Goss, Richard Webber, and myself—due, Doctor Vignor said, to the great sores which formed upon our arms. The others had the disease, but so lightly they were scarcely indisposed.

“It’s the vaccine,” declared the physician.

“Then you should proclaim your remedy to the world,” I insisted.

He shook his head. “That is my friend’s

work," he explained. "He told me of this, and I will not steal his honor. In due time he will give it to the world."*

In a month the last case of the disease had disappeared, and our room had been thoroughly cleansed and fumigated.

"It's time for me to go," our good friend now announced, "and I wish I could take you all with me." Then lowering his voice he added:

"I go to your country to be a surgeon in your army. I'll tell them of you, and have them arrange an exchange."

About the first of June I thought he had accomplished his desire, for a British officer came to our room, and looking us all over, asked our names, and the station in which we had served. Then he said:

"Arthur Dunn, William Goss, and Richard Webber are to come with me."

"Are you sure that is all who are to go?" I questioned, reluctant to leave a single man behind.

*Dr. Jenner did this a few years later.

“It is all who are to go now,” he replied curtly. “The others may be sent for later.”

Thus reassured we, the fortunate three as we thought, bade our comrades good-bye, and with exultant hearts followed the officer from the room. Once in the street, he led us down to the wharf where a yawl was in waiting.

“Get in,” he commanded, and, still thinking that we were to be taken to some vessel where our exchange was to be effected, we obeyed with alacrity.

The men at the oars pulled us off towards a large frigate well out in the harbor. Soon we were where I could obtain a good view of her.

“The *Saint George!*” I exclaimed, recognizing the frigate on which I had served as a midshipman before the war with the colonies. Then, too, like a flash it dawned upon me that my comrades and myself were not to be exchanged; but were to be pressed into the English naval service.

CHAPTER XIV

I REJOIN THE BOSTON

I glanced at my comrades and the expression on their faces showed that they had recognized the significance of my exclamation, and like myself had surmised the fate in store for us. But there was no time for us to speak to each other or to protest with our captor for the next moment we touched the side of the vessel, and received the per-emptory order to mount to her deck.

I do not know what the thoughts of my companions were, but as for myself I was wondering if there would be any of the old officers or

men on the frigate. If so, would they know me? And if I were recognized what would be the outcome? Would I be regarded as a deserter, and receive a deserter's punishment? The thought was not a pleasant one, and I confess that as I stepped over the railing of the craft I glanced apprehensively about me.

The first man my eye fell upon was the officer of the deck, and who should he be but my old acquaintance Midshipman Seymour, though he now held the rank of a lieutenant. But if he recognized me he gave no sign of it. Walking over to us as though he expected and had prepared for our coming, he took a notebook from his pocket, and, referring to it, called out:

“William Goss!”

“Here, sir,” the sailor answered, though with evident reluctance.

“You are assigned to the mizzen-top-mast crew, to the starboard gun, number four, and are in Lieutenant Grant's watch,” he announced, referring again to his book. “You may go forward and report to the officer there.

He will see that you have your equipment, and are shown your station." Then he glanced at his notes again.

"Richard Webber!" he now called.

"Here, sir," the owner of the name responded, because there was nothing else to do.

"You are assigned to the fore-top-mast crew, to the larboard gun, number ten, and are in my watch. Go forward and report to the officer there."

Before he called my name he stared hard at me, but I met his gaze without flinching. Then he read:

"Arthur Dunn!"

"Here, sir," I replied promptly.

"This is singular," he remarked, and eying me again. "I never expected to see you again on this ship, but the fates have ordered otherwise. Your case is so remarkable, sir, I must take you to the captain," and he led me down to the cabin.

As I went I remember wishing that the commanding officer might not be Captain Rawlins.

He had been so kind to me when I first boarded the frigate, and in fact during all the time I was upon her, I did not care to receive my sentence from his lips. I preferred to have an entire stranger pass judgment upon me.

My desire was gratified. A man I had never seen before sat at the table, but as he turned his face towards me I knew I could expect no mercy from his hands. Cold, stern, relentless, cruel—those were the characteristics I read there, and with the feeling that I had again fallen into a hard place, I paused before him.

“This is the young man I was to bring down to you when he arrived, sir,” Lieutenant Seymour said.

The officer turned and stared at me.

“Your name?” he then demanded brusquely, and I knew that it was only a matter of form.

“Arthur Dunn,” I confessed.

“You were once a midshipman on this frigate?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And ran away to join the enemy?”

"I hardly think that is a fair way to put it," I began, when he interrupted me.

"Of course you don't. No deserter ever did think his case was put fairly," he exclaimed with a sneer. "To my mind there is but one thing to do with men of your stamp—it is to hang them to the nearest yard-arm. And I would do it, were there not a special order out from the Naval Board for you to be sent back to England if apprehended, where you are to be made an example. So you are safe, so far as your life is concerned, until you get there. But we'll manage to make that life as miserable for you as it well can be," and he grinned as though the thought was pleasing to him.

Then to the waiting lieutenant he said:

"Take him forward, sir, and see that he has half rations, double work, and double watches. If he rebels, give him twenty blows with the cat; and if that doesn't tame him, give him forty," and again he gave that satanic grin. Master Seymour also laughed, and I knew he

had received an order he would delight to carry out to the letter.

In the forecastle I found quite a number of men I knew, but with the exception of old Pete Berry they greeted me with jeers. It was clear that they had no love for one whom they regarded as a deserter, and I was confident that in them the captain would find the tools he desired to make my stay on shipboard anything but agreeable.

I shall not weary the reader by relating here the many and repeated insults I received, by telling the hard and disagreeable tasks to which I was assigned, by recounting the lashes which without any provocation on my part were put upon my back. I had not been on board the ship a week before I knew my only hope was to escape from the clutches of my tormentors. I simply abided my opportunity.

The following week an incident happened which at the time seemed to me to close every opportunity I might have had to escape, but

which really proved to be the link in the chain which was to give me my freedom.

The frigate had sighted and chased an American privateer. She was apparently nearly overhauled, and our bow gun was ready for the firing. Then I was brought forward, and the command was given me to aim, and touch off the cannon.

“And mark you,” Lieutenant Seymour, who gave the order, continued, “if you miss the craft, you shall receive forty blows from the cat.”

“Then you’d better give me the blows now,” I replied resolutely, “for I will not aim or fire a gun at my countrymen, not if I die for it.”

There was no time just then to use the lash, so I was hurried off to the brig, and confined there until the battle with the sloop-of-war was over. They did not forget me, however, and possibly the escape of the Continental vessel after a slight brush with them added to the spite which was put into the blows I received. With back lacerated and bleeding, and every

part of my body quivering and aching in sympathy, I was thrown back into the brig with the assurance that I should lie there until the ship was in port.

The next morning I was delirious with the fever from my sores, and, perhaps fearing I might not be in a condition to turn over to the home officials when we arrived in London, the ship's doctor was sent to me. He took me in hand to such a good purpose that in a few days I was myself again, save the scars on my back. But they still thought the brig the best place for me, and left me confined there. It was then I gave up all hope of effecting my escape, and began to speculate on what would happen when I was handed over to the Naval Board.

Another week passed, and one night my guard was a marine named Blinn, with whom I had scarcely spoken. I was surprised therefore when he unlocked the door of the brig, and stepping quickly in closed it behind him. His first words surprised me even more. He said in a low whisper:

“You know my brother, Thomas Blinn?”

“I rather think I do,” I answered. “He is one of my best friends—we were midshipmen together on two vessels, the *Franklin* and the *Boston*. He is on the latter now, over in France, I presume.”

“Across in France, you mean,” he corrected, “as we are now in the English Channel.”

“Well, across in France, if you prefer; it makes little difference,” I replied.

“It makes lots of difference, if you wish to escape,” he went on eagerly. “We are becalmed, in a thick fog, and there is a boat out. It was put out this afternoon to fix something that was wrong in the anchor chains. The men didn’t finish their job, and so the yawl was left there, side of the vessel until morning. Pete Berry told me about it, and he says you and I can slip into her, cut her loose, and cross over to the French shore.”

Then, that I might understand better his reason for leaving the ship, he added: “Like my brother, my sympathies are with the colonies,

and I have been trying for nearly two years to get away from the vessels I have been on, but the opportunity has never come until now. Listen while I tell you what you are to do.

“Go down this passageway to the farther end, where you will find a door opening into the forecastle. You are to slip in there, and stay until the watch changes. When the new watch goes on deck you are to go up with them, and conceal yourself under the truck of the bow-gun. Remain there until Pete comes to you. He will tell you what to do next.”

“And where shall I find you?” I queried.

“I shall be in the boat before you are,” he answered confidently. “The new guard will be here in a few minutes, and when I have placed my musket in the rack, I shall go forward for a little turn in the fresh air before I seek my hammock. Once on the bow I shall find a way to get into the boat. Don’t worry about me, but do just as I have told you, and in an hour we shall be free.”

Reasoning that I could be no worse off if

I failed in the attempt, I followed him out into the passage, and then crept softly down it. Reaching the door, I opened it and entered the forecastle. Some of the men were awake, but they took no notice of me in the semi-darkness, and, throwing myself into an empty hammock, I waited for the next watch to be called to the deck.

The summons came almost immediately, and unnoticed I clambered up to the deck with the other sailors. It was so dark I could not see two feet away, and thus favored I made my way forward to the bow-chaser under which I quickly concealed myself.

The time I lay there seemed very long; in reality it was but a few minutes. Then some one touched my arm, and I hastily arose to find Pete Berry beside me.

“Come,” he said in a hoarse whisper.

Silently I followed him, and he led me over to the starboard side of the craft and put my hand on the rope which led down to the yawl.

“Go down,” he said again in the same low tone, “but wait two minutes till I jine ye.”

It was the first intimation I had that the old sailor was going along too; but I had a greater surprise when my feet touched the boat, for I found there three men instead of one. The additional ones were my comrades, Goss and Webber.

I could have hugged them in the ecstasy of my joy at this discovery, for the one misgiving I had in the whole plan was whether it would be right for me to run away and leave them behind. Putting off, however, that joyous expression for a safer moment, I waited impatiently for Pete to join us. He came in the specified time, bringing quite a large package with him.

“It’s our rations,” he explained as he drew his knife and cut us adrift.

Rapidly the boat fell away from the frigate, and she was soon lost in the fog. In a half hour we deemed it safe to put out our oars. All night long, by turns, we pulled away, and when morn-

ing dawned we estimated that we had made at least ten miles.

As the sun came up the mist lifted enough for us to make out a brig coming directly towards us, and at her masthead were the stars and stripes. The moment I caught sight of that flag, I leaped to my feet, waved my hands, and shouted at the top of my voice. My comrades followed my example, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing that we had attracted the vessel's attention.

Down she came and rounded to us. The next moment we were on her deck to find she was the *Britannica*, a prize of the *Boston*, in command of Midshipman Thomas Blinn, and bound for L'Orient, where she was to await the coming of the frigate.

Our story, long as it was, was soon told, and then Master Blinn related the history of the *Boston* since I had left her. Her passage across the ocean had been made without mishap, and on March thirty-first she entered the river of Bordeaux. April first she weighed anchor and

ascended as far as the town Lavmoon, which she saluted with thirteen guns, and where she lay until the next morning. She continued up the river to within three miles of Bordeaux, where she landed Master Adams. There the vessels had been thoroughly overhauled, and left for a cruise across to the banks of Newfoundland, looking for prizes. A number had been captured on the westward voyage and sent into Boston. Returning, the *Britannica*, bound from Newfoundland to Oporto, and loaded with seventeen hundred quintals of fish, had been taken. Midshipman Blinn with a crew of six had been put on board, with orders to precede the frigate to L'Orient.

We arrived at that port July third, and two days later the *Boston* came in. I went on board at once, and made my report to Captain Tucker. He was kind enough to say:

“I do not see how you are at all to blame, Master Dunn, for the loss of the ship you commanded. An older and more experienced officer would hardly have done differently under the

circumstances. As for the experiences which came later, they were beyond your control, and you are in no way responsible for them—unless,” he added with a smile, “we except your second runaway from the *Saint George*, and for that you will doubtless have to answer to the British authorities, if they ever catch you again.”

CHAPTER XV

WE CAPTURE THE POLE

During the month that now followed two interesting events took place. The first was the sale of all the prizes which had been sent into French ports, and the distribution of the money among our crew. I had supposed that Masters Goss and Webber and myself would not share in this distribution, as we had not been in the frigate when these vessels were captured. But the decision was that every man on the ship's roster was entitled to his proportionate part, and so we, who had just returned from captivity, each received a tidy little sum.

The other event was the re-organization of our crew. Our first lieutenant had died from a wound he received by the bursting of a gun, so Master Welch was now advanced to the first place, Master Bates to the second, and Master Livingstone was sent down from Paris to fill the vacancy thus made, that of a third lieutenant. A young man named Philip Forrier was appointed midshipman in the place of Master LeMoyne, who had died at Halifax.

There was a more radical change in our non-commissioned officers, and an enlistment of a number of new men, including Master Blinn and old Pete Berry, who had escaped from the *Saint George* with me. This gave us a total crew of one hundred and forty-six men and boys, exclusive of our officers, and exclusive of our marines, of whom we had a full company.

The re-organization completed, on August first we put to sea again, this time homeward bound. For three weeks we sailed on our course, catching sight of but two vessels during the whole time, which were too far away for us

to overhaul. Then our fortune changed and during the next week we captured a prize every day—all of which were manned with prize crews, and ordered to follow in the wake of the frigate.

The fleet made a fine spectacle, if I do say it, and there was an amount of prize money represented there to rejoice every sailor's heart. Yet with the most of us I do not think that was the first thought. As good patriots we rejoiced that we were bearing home stores which would help to sustain and clothe an army of as true and faithful men as ever fought for home or native land.

I was put in command of the last prize, the brig *Sally*, bound from London to Pensacola, and having a cargo consisting of one hundred barrels of flour, two hundred bags of bread, one hundred and thirty-nine tierces of beef, three hundred barrels of pork, seventy firkins of butter and a large lot of liquors.

I am glad to be able to write that I took the craft safely into port, and had but one incident

out of the usual order. We were experiencing quite a gale, and some of the sailors had been ordered aloft to reef the top-sails. One of them, Richard Jones by name, in some way lost his hold and came tumbling down head-first. As I saw him coming I was confident he would strike upon the deck and be killed. But just before he struck the brig lurched, and, clearing the larboard rail, he went overboard.

Knowing he could not swim, I ordered Quartermaster William Atkins, who was acting as my first officer, to heave to the vessel, and send out a boat. Then, throwing off my coat and boots, I plunged into the sea.

Rising to the surface I looked around for Master Jones, and caught sight of him a few fathoms away. He disappeared before I could reach him, and treading water I waited for him to re-appear. He came up for the last time, only a few feet away, and catching him by the collar I struggled to keep him above the waves until the boat could arrive.

Night was fast falling; the storm was increas-

ing in violence; and the waves rolled so high that I was unable to see the vessel or the boat which I was sure had been lowered. Master Jones was unconscious, and hung a dead weight upon my arm. It was difficult to keep him and myself on the surface, and already I felt my own strength was fast failing. Unless the rescuers came soon we must both go down.

Then there came a faint shout across the water to cheer my heart, and to which I responded in the loudest tones I could utter. I was heard, and the yawl, which had been going in quite another direction, turned and came towards me.

I kept crying out at intervals, and the lookout in the bow of the boat answered, the double cries serving to nerve me to hold out on the one hand, and to guide the craft to me on the other. At length they were beside me, and, nearly exhausted, I was drawn on board with my unconscious burden.

Then we tried to see where the brig was, but between the great waves and the darkness she

was concealed from our view. Taking the direction we felt sure she was in, the four oarsmen pulled long and lustily against wind and waves and yet she did not appear. We had about concluded that we had lost her, when her lights suddenly appeared on our starboard, and we were able to hail her. In five minutes we were under her lee, and then were quickly drawn to her deck.

Dry clothing and a warm drink soon brought me to the place where I felt as good as new; but they had to work over Master Jones for half an hour before he came to consciousness, and he could not leave the forecastle until the following day. I have related this incident here not to glorify myself, but to say that it was the only act of mine that ever received a reprimand from Captain Tucker.

“Your motive was all right, Master Dunn,” he admitted, “and your plunge overboard to save one of your men was a grand exhibition of courage. But what if you had lost your life, or your boat had failed to return to the brig?”

She would have been left in a crippled condition, and might not have survived the storm. Do always all that you can to save a man who falls overboard without endangering your ship, but remember that the ship and her cargo are solemn trusts, and the lives of many are to be considered rather than the lives of the few."

But if he did not appreciate the deed, there was one who did. When Master Jones came on deck, he walked directly to me, and touching his cap, said:

"I owe you my life, sir, an' it's yours. I not only thank ye for what ye did for me, but I'll do my best to make it good some day, sir," a promise he faithfully kept.

We reached Boston October fifteenth, and while the frigate was being overhauled, the captain and I got a chance to run down to Marblehead for a brief stay. Our coming created something of a sensation this time, as it had on the occasion of our previous visit, though for different reasons. The captain's prowess had preceded him and his fellow townsmen were

proud to have him with them again; for myself, they had heard I had died of the smallpox in the Halifax prison, and were filled with curiosity to know how I came to be alive and well and in my old place on the ship.

Before the month was over, however, we were off to sea again, and during the next six months made such havoc among the enemy's shipping that a price was put on Captain Tucker's head. If I recollect rightly, we took a score of merchantmen with large and valuable cargoes, and two frigates, the *Glencairn* of twenty guns and the *Thorn* of eighteen.

Early in June, 1779, we went on a cruise to the West Indies which lasted until the following September. During this trip our prizes were so numerous, the British admiral at New York selected the frigate *Pole*, carrying thirty-two guns, and over three hundred men, and sent her out for the special purpose of finding and destroying the *Boston*, or as her Captain expressed it: "Of giving that rebel Tucker a sound drubbing."

We learned of this fact through the captain of the packet *Sandwich*, which was captured off the Bermudas. Chagrined at the loss of his own vessel, the moment he mounted to our deck, the officer exclaimed:

“Well, sir, you have taken my vessel, but let me tell you it will not be many days before you yourself are captured.”

“Is that so?” Captain Tucker questioned with a smile. “Pray tell me who is going to do it?”

“The frigate *Pole*,” he returned boastingly. “She has been fitted up and sent out on purpose to look you up and give you a sound drubbing. I heard her captain say he’d do it. She left New York four days ago, and must be down in this region by this time. Your cable is pretty nearly paid out.”

“Cannot you tell me more about her, so I may know her when I see her?” asked our commander tauntingly. “I might want to run away.”

“That will do you little good,” the English-

man replied, taking our skipper seriously. "She is bigger than you are, and carries eight more guns. She also has twice as large a crew, all picked men, and in addition a large body of marines. Besides that, she is the swiftest sailer on this side of the ocean, and can run you down in no time."

"It does look as though I'd find her more than a match, doesn't it?" our Captain remarked soberly. "She's a good thing to avoid. I'm much obliged to you for your information. One thing more, please. You are quite sure she is somewhere between here and New York?"

The prisoner bit his lip. It had dawned upon him that possibly he had been talking too much. His information might enable Captain Tucker to escape capture. Finally, however, he answered:

"The frigate left New York, as I have said, four days ago; you must judge for yourself where she is now."

"I think we'll run up that way and take a look at her," was the Captain's comment.

Two days later we sighted a frigate, and Captain Tucker knew her at once by the description he had received. Sending for the commander of the packet, he pointed out the distant vessel, saying:

“There is your frigate. Now I want you to stand here, and see how I run away from her. But mind, not a word from you to thwart my plans.”

Then he ordered the English colors hoisted, and ran down towards the vessel. As soon as he had come within speaking distance, the English captain hailed him:

“What ship is that?”

“Captain Gordon’s,” replied our Captain, for he knew that Captain Gordon commanded an English ship, modelled and built much like the *Boston*, and had been unusually successful in taking American prizes.

“Where are you from?”

“From New York.”

“We are from there also.”

“When did you leave?”

“About six days ago. I’m after the frigate *Boston* to take that rebel Tucker. I’ve sworn I’ll earn the price set on his head, and am bound to carry him dead or alive into New York. Have you seen him?”

“Well,” rejoined Captain Tucker, “I have heard of him. They say he is a hard customer.”

During all this conversation, he had been quietly manœuvering to bring his ship into a raking position, so as to sweep the decks of the English frigate. He had every man at his post, his guns shotted, and his gunners with lighted matches in their hands all awaiting his orders.

But it happened that there was a man in the maintop of the *Pole* who had formerly known Captain Tucker, and he now cried out to the English captain:

“That is surely Tucker himself, and we shall have a hot time here directly!”

This was overheard by our commander, and having got his ship into just the position he wished, and seeing that he was discovered, he gave the order:

“Down with the English flag and hoist our own colors!”

Then he called out to the British captain in a voice of thunder:

“The time I proposed talking with you has ended, sir. This is the *Boston* frigate. I am Samuel Tucker, and no rebel. Either fire or strike your flag!”

Observing that his antagonist had all the advantage of him, and that a broadside would be fatal, the Britisher struck his colors. Not a gun was fired.

Later, when the commander of the *Pole* came on board of our ship, and went below to the stateroom assigned him, he shed tears to think that he had been captured by a vessel not so large as his own, and with only half as many men, and eight less guns. It is also reported that on his release and return to England he was tried and disgraced for this surrender.

Quite in contrast with this was the treatment given our Captain on his arrival in Philadelphia with his prize. Her capture added to his

prowess, he received a vote of thanks from Congress, and, owing to her superior size and equipment, her entire value of one hundred and three thousand pounds sterling was turned over to us as prize money.

Probably, however, the most disgusted man on board the captured frigate was the captain of the packet *Sandwich*, who had given us our first news about her, and who had boasted she would speedily capture us. He had been a silent witness of her ignominious surrender. Then Captain Tucker had sent him on board of her, with instructions that each day while we were on our way to port, he was to be conducted all over her, from bow to stern, and from lower hold to upper deck, and then he was to be told:

“This, sir, is the vessel which was specially fitted up and sent out to look up the frigate *Boston*, and give her captain a sound drubbing.”

CHAPTER XVI

TO THE DEFENSE OF CHARLESTON

After two weeks in port we sailed again, this time making a cruise to the northward. We reached the neighborhood of Halifax before we found a prize, and then captured a small brig. Learning that she was a part of a convoy, consisting of the frigate *Elizabeth* of twenty guns, the brig *Observer* of sixteen guns, and the sloop of war *Howe* of fourteen guns, and that there were under their protection two large ships with cargoes of great value, Captain Tucker determined "to make capital," as he expressed it, and sailed to intercept them.

The next morning they were sighted, and hoisting the English colors we sailed boldly into their midst. Selecting the heaviest armed ship, we came up with her and hailed her:

“Are you the frigate *Elizabeth*, from Antigua bound to Halifax?” was our Captain’s query.

“Yes,” was the answer. “What ship are you?”

Instead of replying directly, Captain Tucker answered:

“I’ll come on board.”

He had already laid his plans. Fifty men under the command of Lieutenant Bates were in readiness to board her. To them and to the helmsman a set of special signals was given, and specific directions as to the part they were expected to play in the coming struggle. Then the first signal was given, and as if by accident the *Boston* ran afoul of the *Elizabeth*’s yards. Pretending it was the fault of the helmsman, Captain Tucker called out:

“Brace about there, sir,” but at the same time he gave his second secret signal.

The sailor at the helm saw it, and in obedience to that rather than to the spoken command, only entangled the vessel with her antagonist more and more, and soon was in close contact with her.

Seeing all was ready, our skipper gave his third signal, and a waiting sailor ran down the English flag and hoisted the stars and stripes. Then in stentorian tones came the command:

“Fire!”

But the English captain had now discovered our real character, and both vessels fired a broadside at the same time. The moment the terrible roar of the artillery ceased, however, the fifty picked men leaped on board the *Elizabeth*. Like the rush of a whirlwind they swept her deck, drove her crew down below, and hauled down her colors. These movements were seen by the *Observer*, and she came down to attack us. But Captain Tucker cried out in a threatening voice:

“We are ready for you, sir, two to one. Come on!”

Our men already had control of the *Elizabeth*, and turned with our frigate to attack the new-comer. Finding she had got to face the guns of two vessels instead of one, the brig thought discretion the better part of valor, and attempted to run away. A broadside poured into her quickly changed that plan, however, and she ran down her flag.

The sloop of war *Howe*, supposing her consort was going to fight, had ranged up towards, and now fired upon us. Whereupon Captain Tucker shouted:

“Captain Frazer, if you fire another broadside, I’ll blow you out of the water. Surrender!”

The captain of the sloop evidently thought it prudent to do so, and obeyed the command. It was an easy matter for us then to pick up the two ships, and we took all five of the vessels safely into port.

In November we were back again in Philadelphia, where we received orders to put our frigate into thorough order for a special service.

While this work was going on there was much speculation among us—the younger officers of the ship—as to the character of this mission. But we did not know until the beginning of the following month what was really expected of us. Then Captain Tucker received this official order:

“Philadelphia, December 15, 1779.

To Captain Samuel Tucker,

Commanding the frigate *Boston*.

Sir:—You are hereby directed to put to sea in your ship at the earliest possible moment, and proceed with all despatch to Charleston, South Carolina, where your vessel will join the fleet of Commodore Whipple, now gathering there for the defense of that town. On your arrival there you will take all further orders from him.

By order of

The Naval Committee.”

The reason for this order was already known to us. Sir Henry Clinton, taking advantage of the withdrawal of the French fleet under the command of Admiral D’Estang from Savannah,

in the previous October, to the West Indies for winter quarters, had despatched a large land and naval force from New York to besiege that town. Rumors were already multiplying that its fall was certain, and would be followed by an immediate attack on Charleston. Hoping to save the latter place Congress had directed General Lincoln, who was in command of the Continental army in the south, to hasten to its defense, and meantime was collecting a fleet there to aid the land forces.

In five days we were ready to sail, and on Christmas day entered the harbor of Charleston. In order for the reader to understand the events which transpired there during the next three months, it will be necessary for him to have certain facts clearly in his mind. He should remember that the town lies on a neck of low land, a peninsula, formed by the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, whose confluence makes a harbor two miles wide, and seven miles long, facing southeast to the ocean. The width of the Ashley river at its mouth is about twenty-

one hundred yards, and the width of the Cooper not far from fourteen hundred. Down the harbor, and bounding it on its sea side, are the Sullivan and James islands, the former being the site of Fort Moultrie, and the latter that of Fort Johnson.

At the time of our arrival the British had not yet appeared, but during the next five weeks they came in constantly increasing numbers, until there was a land force of ten thousand men, and a naval force consisting of a ship of fifty guns, two of forty-four guns each, and four of thirty-two guns each, besides numerous transports and smaller vessels, ranging from six to twenty-four guns.

To oppose these formidable forces General Lincoln could rely upon only fifteen hundred regular troops, and such militia as could be drawn from the surrounding country—in all less than four thousand men; while the armed vessels numbered five: the schooner *Providence*, Commodore Whipple's flagship, mounting eighteen guns; the frigate *Ranger*, Captain

Thomas Sampson, carrying twenty-four guns; the frigate *Boston*, Captain Samuel Tucker, with twenty-four guns; the frigate *Queen of France*, Captain John Peck Rathbone, with twenty guns; and the state brig, *Notre Dame*, with twelve guns.

To check the advance of the enemy up the harbor our ships were stretched across the channel between Fort Moultrie and Fort Johnson, while in the former garrison there was a force of three hundred picked men, and in the latter one hundred.

Up to the first of February, though there had been some slight skirmishing, the British still remained in the outer harbor, while we held possession of the inner harbor and the town. But early in that month active operations were begun to dislodge us, or compel our surrender.

Early one morning our lookout forward noticed that all of the British transports and some of the men of war were hoisting their anchors, and preparing to sail. He reported his discovery to the officer of the deck, who

promptly notified Captain Tucker. He came up from the cabin, and signalled the movement to the Commodore, who sent a man into the cross-trees of the flagship to watch the enemy. When the departing vessels had disappeared behind Morris island, Commodore Whipple ran up a signal for the *Boston* to send out a yawl to watch the mouth of Wappoo creek, and in case the British attempted to land in that vicinity to announce the fact by firing three swivel guns. He added:

“I will send a boat along with yours.”

I was put in command of the yawl from our frigate, and Lieutenant Haines had charge of the boat from the *Providence*. His superior rank made him commander of the expedition, and together we proceeded down the creek to its mouth, and, lying to there, waited for the coming of the English vessels.

Soon they appeared below Morris Island, but instead of rounding it, and sailing up our way, they kept straight on down the coast.

“What does that mean?” asked Lieutenant Haines, turning to me.

I studied the situation for a moment or two before I replied. Then I said:

“They are going farther down the shore to land. They know if they come up here our vessels can put themselves into a position where, if they do not prevent the landing, they can make it a terribly costly thing to undertake. But dropping a few miles down the coast, they can land without any interference from us. We haven’t a sufficient land force to send a part down there to stop them. The ships they have left in the lower harbor are enough to prevent our fleet from following them, and there isn’t water enough for our craft to slip out this back way. So they can take their time, and disembark the troops without fear of being disturbed by us.”

“I believe you are right,” the lieutenant responded. “Sir Henry Clinton has got his thinking cap on at last. Well, this is so different from what our Commodore expected I will send you

back to report. Meantime I will follow the enemy down the shore."

"And shall I return to you with the new orders?"

"Certainly, if there are any."

Up the creek and down to the flagship I went as fast as a dozen stout arms could pull the yawl. Commodore Whipple was at the railing when I reached the side of the vessel, and returning my salute, said:

"Report right where you are, Midshipman. What have you discovered?"

"Lieutenant Haines presents his compliments, sir," I began, "and desires me to say that the British ships are going on down the coast, and in his judgment are seeking a landing-place where we cannot follow them or send down a land force to prevent them."

"I surmised as much," answered the Commodore with a smile. "It is what I should do, if I were in charge of those forces. Has Lieutenant Haines gone down the coast to keep watch of them?"

“I beg your pardon, sir,” I replied. “I should have reported that also, and he wishes to know if you have any new orders?”

“Wait a moment,” he directed, “and I will send down to you a day’s rations for the lieutenant and his men. Then you may go over to your own frigate and provision your own boat similarly, and return down the shore. When the enemy have effected a landing, one of your boats may come back to tell me where it has been made. The other may remain to watch the movements of the red-coats.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” I replied and gave my men the order to pull away.

In a short time I had secured the rations, and was on my way to rejoin Lieutenant Haines. It was noon before I overtook him, or rather his boat. I found that pulled on the north side of John’s Island, thirty miles below Charleston, but the lieutenant was not with his men.

“The British are landing on the other side,” the boatswain in charge explained, “and Lieutenant Haines is over there watching them.”

In about an hour he came back.

“Ah!” he said as he caught sight of me, “I thought it was about time for you to be here, and they sent down our rations? I expected it. We’ll have dinner right away, and while eating it I’ll tell you what I have seen.”

Kindling a small fire on the beach, we made some coffee, and were soon stowing away our food with the hearty appetites a keen air had created.

“The British are landing in a small cove almost opposite this, and not over a mile away,” the officer said, between his mouthfuls of food. “As soon as a regiment is landed, it crosses over to the main shore and goes into camp. It will take them some hours to complete the task. We’ll go over again after a while.”

Two or three hours later he announced that he was ready, and together we made our way through the woods to the south side of the island. Before we reached there we could plainly hear the sounds of the disembarking, and my comrade remarked in a low tone:

“They are not through yet.”

We were soon where we could see all that was going on, and there we lay for a long time watching the constantly changing scene. It was night before the last company was landed, and the order was given for the empty transports to return to Charleston harbor under the escort of the attending men-of-war.

“We may as well return to our boats,” the lieutenant now said, rising and leading the way back through the underbrush. When at the cove, he continued:

“You made the first report. I will make this one, while you and your men remain here to see what movement the red-coats make in the morning.”

“All right,” I assented, and then stood there watching until his yawl had been lost in the darkness which was fast falling.

CHAPTER XVII

TAKEN INTO THE BRITISH CAMP

I stood there, as I have said, watching the disappearance of Lieutenant Haines's boat, but I was also listening. During my conversation with him I was quite sure that I had heard a stealthy step in the woods back of me. Doubtless some one from the camp of the enemy had discovered and was now watching us. If so, they must be apprehended, but how?

Debating this question in my own mind without acquainting my companions with my suspicions, I gave orders to prepare our camp for the night. Our yawl was drawn out of the

water, and carried a few rods up from the shore. There it was propped up by stones some two feet above the ground. Thus it furnished a good roof for a temporary cabin, whose sides were constructed from brush brought from the edge of the forest. In front of this we kindled a small fire and began our preparations for supper.

While my men were completing these arrangements, I walked over and stood under a huge tree, whose limbs overhung the beach. Ostensibly I was overseeing the work that was going on in camp, but in reality I was straining my ears to catch every sound which came from the woods behind me. It was just there I believed I had caught the sound of footsteps, and, if I was not mistaken, the intruder was still lying within a few feet of me. My plan was to detect if possible his attempt to depart, and then follow him.

I did not have so long to wait as I expected. Before the meal was ready I heard the concealed man arise to his feet, and move softly

back into the woods. Quickly stepping over to where Boatswain Lewis was busy directing the men, I explained to him in a whisper why I left the camp, and then glided in among the trees in pursuit of the Britisher.

I had no difficulty in locating him. As soon as he had gone a few rods away from the shore, he seemed to think he was beyond the reach of our ears, and now moved on regardless of the noise he was making. Moreover, instead of going across the island, he had turned and taken a short cut for its west end. These circumstances enabled me to overtake him rapidly, and I was soon dodging along from tree to tree close behind him.

He soon came out upon the shore, opposite the British camp, where a boat and four men were evidently awaiting him. To them he said in tones loud enough for me to hear:

“I have found the rebels’ nest, my lads. But one boat with its crew has escaped us, having gone back up the coast, to report the landing of the troops, I presume. The other is there, and

intends to stay until morning to keep watch of Sir Henry's movements. They are, however, too many for us, and we'll have to cross over to the camp for help. Later we'll return and capture the whole bunch. Pull away."

While he was talking his comrades had been getting the skiff ready for their departure, and his last words were uttered as he took his seat in the craft. Slowly it glided away towards the mainland, and, baffled in my attempt to obtain a prisoner, yet thankful I had discovered his design upon myself and men, I turned to retrace my steps to camp.

It was easy for me to conjecture the character of the departing men. They were Tories who had probably seen our boats go down the coast, and, suspecting our purpose, had followed. They would report our presence to the British commander, and he would send over a force before morning sufficient to capture us. It was clear that we must change our camp immediately.

I therefore quickened my pace, and soon re-

joined my men, to whom I made known my discovery. Finding they had put off partaking of their supper until my return, I now gave orders for the meal to be eaten. Then we tore down our temporary structure, launched the boat, and proceeded with muffled oars up the shore to the northwestern corner of the island. Here we again landed, and simply carrying the boat up a few feet above tide water, turned it over, raised one side a few inches, and crawled under, making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

I chose this place for our second camp for two reasons. It was but a short distance above the spot where the force sent to capture us would be likely to land, and I argued that it was, therefore, the last place where the enemy would expect to find us; then, as it was on a narrow point, curving to the west and south, it would enable us not only to overlook the British encampment on the main shore, but to see the crossing and landing of the red-coats when they

came in search of us. My choice, however, proved to be a disastrous one, at least for me.

It must have been near the midnight hour before we saw any movement which indicated the enemy were coming our way. All my men, with my permission, had gone to sleep except Boatswain Lewis, and it was he who at length called my attention to a few lights moving slowly down the edge of the narrow strait which separated us from the British encampment. We watched them, and in the flicker of their lanterns counted at least three score men as they embarked in four boats, and put out from the shore.

“They are coming in strong force,” I remarked to my comrade in a low tone. “They must count us desperate fellows.”

“We’d whip them now in a fair fight,” Master Lewis growled, “but to have that number come down on us when we weren’t looking for them is another thing. It’s lucky you discovered their plan, sir, and we got out of their way.”

“Two of the boats are coming up the strait,” I announced a moment later. “Can it be they are going to land here?”

“If so, we’ll have to run,” was the boatswain’s laconic comment.

All our attention was now given to these two boats, and in preparation for their possible landing I aroused my men. Rapidly and almost noiselessly the yawls came up towards us, but instead of attempting to land, they rounded the point and went on down the north side of the island.

Master Lewis nudged me. “See!” he exclaimed in a whisper. “They are sent down to cut off our escape from the water side. The red-coats don’t mean to give us a chance to get out of their clutches.”

“But look there, sir,” another of my men cried out almost aloud, and before I could answer Master Lewis. “The land force has divided, and a part of them are coming up this way!”

A single glance told me he was right. Upon

landing, the enemy had separated into two squads, one going down through the woods, doubtless to approach our old camping place from the south and east sides; while the other was following the shore, to make an attack from the west. I immediately thought of Master Lewis's declaration: "The red-coats don't mean to give us a chance to get out of their clutches." They certainly had planned to hem us in from all sides, and would succeed if we did not move promptly. So I gave the command:

"Quick, lads! Launch the boat! We must get away from here at once."

They knew this as well as I did, and obeyed with alacrity. The next moment they had lifted the yawl and were carrying it down to the water's edge. The boats of the enemy were already below us, and could we get off the shore before the land force discovered our proximity, there was still a chance for us to slip away unnoticed in the darkness. I believe we should have done it but for an accident.

It was quite dark, and in our haste we had no time to pick our way. One of my men struck against an obstacle, and stumbling, fell to the ground, pulling the boat and two or three of his companions down upon him. The mishap not only made a noise which reached the ears of the coming squad, but broke the unfortunate fellow's leg. He struggled vainly to regain his feet, and then sank back with a groan.

But he did not forget the danger we were in. Had he done so, the yells of the red-coats as they quickened their steps to overhaul us, would have reminded him of it. Heroically he cried:

“Leave me, sir! There's time for you and your men to escape.”

But that was a thing I would not do, even if we were all captured; and to their credit I will say there was not a man among us who would have done it. Instead six, at my order, picked up the boat and hurried to the water with it, while the others raised their injured comrade and hastened after them. I closely followed.

The steps of the coming British sounded dan-

gerously near, but we worked calmly. The yawl was launched; the suffering sailor was laid gently in her; the men took their places; and all but Boatswain Lewis and myself had embarked.

“Step in, sir,” he said. “I’ll push the craft off.”

“No,” I commanded, “get in yourself. It is my place to be the last.”

I said this, for I knew the enemy were almost upon us, and hoped to save my men, if not myself. He obeyed, just as a pair of stout hands clutched my shoulders and their owner cried:

“Not so fast, my young gander; we’ll keep you with us a while longer, I reckon.”

I did not attempt to resist him. I spent all my strength to push off the yawl with my feet. A vigorous kick sent her gliding off from the shore.

“Away, lads!” I shouted. “You know where to go and what to do,” and then I was borne

down to the ground, and at least a half dozen red-coats held me down.

Several of the squad followed our boat into the water in their zeal to capture it, but my men were too quick for them, and rowed it beyond their reach. Then the Britishers hallooed for their own boats to return, and give chase to ours. By this time they had allowed me to regain my feet, and I again called out:

“Never mind me, lads! Make good your own escape, and finish the work I have left undone.”

“Aye! aye! sir!” came the answer across the water, and I knew Boatswain Lewis had heard and understood my command and would complete the task assigned to me of reporting the movements of the British army.

I received a blow across my mouth from the officer in charge of the squad for my act, accompanied with the surly words:

“Shut your mouth, you young puppy! But for your kick and bark we might have captured your boat and crew. I only hope the General

will regard you as a spy and hang you to the nearest tree."

His boats had come back up the shore, and now at his order went on in the darkness, hoping to overhaul my comrades—a thing I am glad to say they were not able to do. He then despatched a messenger down the island to intercept and recall the other land force. These matters attended to, he surrounded me with his men and marched off to the place where he had landed. When the other squad rejoined him, he gave the command to return to the camp. There I was placed in a tent, in use as a temporary guardhouse, and surrounded with soldiers who kept watch over me until morning. At an early hour they carried me into the presence of General Clinton.

"So you are the Yankee spy my men captured last night?" he demanded sternly.

"I hardly see how you can call me that, sir," I answered as pleasantly as I could. "I was not taken in your camp."

"Do you deny that you were watching my

movements in order to report them to the commander of the rebel forces?" he asked.

"No, sir; I do not," I replied, "but I have not been inside of your lines, and have never intended to come inside of them. I am simply the commander of a boat sent out by our Commodore to watch your landing—an act I believe that makes me a prisoner of war now that I am so unfortunate as to be captured, but not a spy."

"Who are you?" he now questioned.

"Midshipman Arthur Dunn, of the frigate *Boston*," I responded, knowing of no reason why I should conceal my identity.

"Oh! ho!" was his quick ejaculation. "I believe there is another frigate on board of which they will be glad to see you. Since you have deserted her twice, you may not find it hard to recall her name. She will be in New York by the time I get back there. I am told her commander has an order from our Naval Board to hang you to the nearest yard-arm. So I'll keep you and turn you over to him. He can do what I perhaps could not legitimately do."

I was taken back to the guardhouse, where I was given a frugal breakfast, and then put under the care of an officer and six men, who were given strict commands to shoot me down at my first attempt to escape.

The troops were already breaking camp, and all day long I marched with them as they proceeded up the coast towards Charleston. At night, when they again went into camp, I was remanded to the guard tent, where, regardless of the number of men they put over me, I threw myself on the ground, and, worn and weary, sunk into a deep slumber. I was too tired to make any attempt to escape.

How long I slept I do not know, but I was awakened by hearing a voice, which I felt sure belonged to Lieutenant Haines, demanding an immediate entrance to my tent. His demand to my surprise was quickly granted, and the next instant he stood before me, clad, as I could see by the light which came through the doorway from an adjacent campfire, in the uniform of an English officer. Holding up his hand to check

the exclamation which had risen to my lips, he said sternly:

“Young man, the General wishes to see you at once. Follow me!”

I arose and followed him out by the guards, who made no attempt to stop us. Once in the open air, he quickly led me into the shadow of some trees, and whispered in my ear:

“Not a word, now, sir. I’ll explain everything later. Put on these clothes over your own,” and he took from the bosom of his own coat the uniform of a British soldier. It took me but a minute or two to comply with his request, and, having donned the disguise, I stalked along after him towards the nearest outposts.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BEACON HOUSE LIGHT EXPEDITION.

I had supposed that my guide knew some unguarded spot along the edge of the great forest beside which the camp had been pitched, and would slip out unnoticed there. But instead he led me straight down to the picket who held the outpost on the road leading up to Charleston. To his peremptory challenge he answered: "Friendly," and at the command gave the countersign: "King George."

"It's all right, Captain Aylesworth," the man said. "I recognized you at once, but I had to obey orders. I was told to let no one in or out of the camp without the password."

“And by it proved you were a good soldier,” the supposed captain replied pleasantly. “This is the other attendant I told you I had returned for. I find the special business I am on needs another helper. I will vouch for him.”

So I was allowed to pass with the officer, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of a recall.

“Tell me now, Lieutenant Haines, how you came to be here, and arranged so successfully the plan that has given me my liberty,” I said.

“Not yet, Master Dunn,” he replied, turning into a side path which led towards the sea. “Wait until we are safe in my boat.”

A half mile farther on we came out upon a small creek. A shrill whistle from the lieutenant brought an answering whistle from down the stream, and in a moment his yawl came up to the bank. As it reached us the boatswain flashed out a dark lantern, and I noticed the craft held two prisoners—one dressed in the lieutenant’s garb, and the other wrapped in a blanket.

“Captain Aylesworth,” my conductor now said, addressing the officer, “your uniform and that of your attendant have served my purpose well, and my friend, as you see, is with me. We will now exchange our clothing, and you and he are at liberty to return to your camp.”

The Englishman bowed stiffly, and without a word resumed his own uniform. The soldier as quickly donned the garments I gave him, and then the two hurried away by the path down which the lieutenant and I had so recently come.

We did not stop to watch them, but, stepping into the yawl, glided rapidly down the creek to its mouth. Once out on the ocean our bow was turned to the north, and as twelve strong arms pulled us along, Lieutenant Haines told his story:

“When your boat, under the impetus of your vigorous kick, glided away from John’s Island, it was the intention of your boatswain to put in somewhere along the main shore, and still keep watch of the movements of the British army. But the sufferings of the injured sailor

led him to change his plan, and he decided to return immediately to the frigate.

“He arrived there in the morning, and his report of your capture filled your captain with consternation.

“‘The lad will give his right name,’ he said, ‘and they’ll recognize him as a runaway from the *Saint George* and likely as not will hang him; or else they will regard him as a spy, though he was not caught within their lines, and string him up to the nearest tree. We must act quickly, or we cannot save him.’

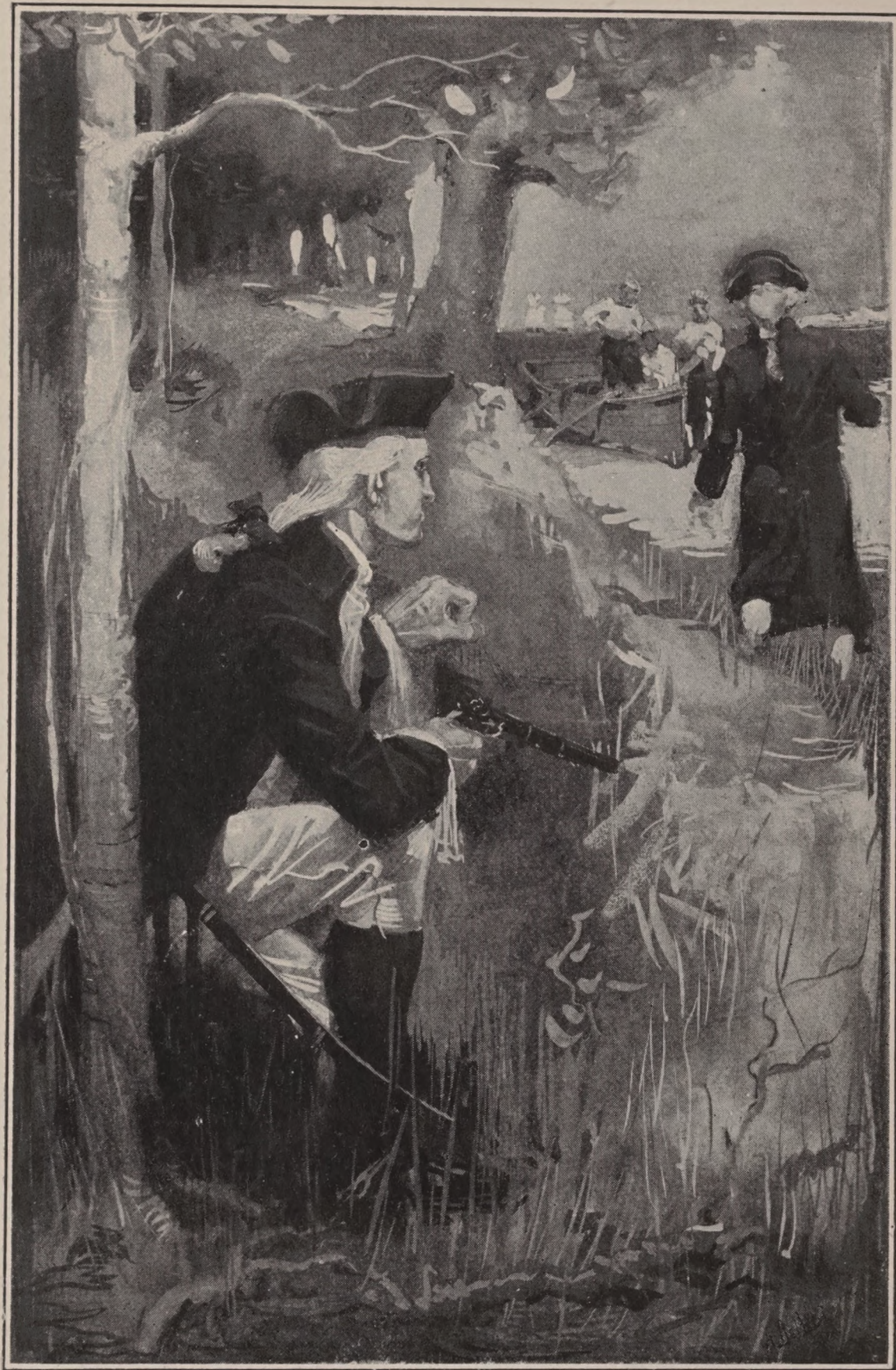
“So he took the boatswain and came right over to the *Providence* to see the Commodore. I was present at the interview, and assure you that Master Lewis gave a glowing account of how you discovered the prying Tory, learned his purpose, and planned to thwart it. He grew even more enthusiastic when he related how you would not leave your injured man, or allow him to be the last one on the boat, and, though captured yourself, pushed him and his comrades out of the reach of the enemy.”

“Did he tell you what a fool I was to make my second camp at the head of the island?” I interrupted. “If I had only gone over to the main shore, as I should have done, I should not have made such a mess of the affair as I did.”

“Your movement was a perfectly natural one, and such as I should have made had I been there,” he returned warmly; “and, though the enemy did come upon you in such overwhelming numbers, and surrounded you on every side, you would have escaped but for the accident to your man—a thing you could not help. That’s my view of the matter, and also the Commodore’s for he said:

“‘A lad who can stand by his men like that, Captain Tucker, has the making of a hero in him. He’s worth saving;’ and then he turned to me:

“‘Lieutenant Haines,’ he said, ‘get ready your boat and return to the British encampment. Seek an interview under a flag of truce with the British general. If you find he intends to hang the boy, assure him that I shall hang two



He soon came upon the shore, where a boat and four men were evidently awaiting him.

British officers in his place, one of whom is his own nephew. If he is willing to make an exchange, tell him I will give him two men of equal rank for the lad, or one of superior rank—his nephew, if he wishes. We'll let him know he cannot treat his young prisoner lightly.'

'In fifteen minutes I was off. The British troops, as you know, had moved up this way, and I reached them during their noon halt. Taking two of my men with me under a flag of truce, I asked for an interview with the commander. It was granted me, but I was never more coldly received. To my proposition for an exchange the general said haughtily:

“ ‘Tell your commander I would not exchange the midshipman for himself.’

“To my threat he answered with a cruel laugh:

“ ‘I know who my prisoner is, and why you are making such an effort to secure his release. Twice he has escaped our hands, but he shall not again. I want the satisfaction of seeing him hung, and hang he shall, though your com-

mander strings up a dozen men in his place.'

"Of course, I knew nothing more could be done with so obdurate an officer, and left the camp. But right here let me say if you ever again fall into the hands of the enemy, don't give your right name. There seems to be a general order out for your apprehension, in both the army and navy."

"I know it," I assented, "and for that reason I appreciate all the more what you have done for me, Lieutenant Haines. But how did that come about?"

"In the simplest way," he continued. "Though I left the camp, I did not leave the vicinity of the army. Going back to my boat, I kept along the shore, moving about as rapidly as the troops did, and when they stopped for the night, I ran into that creek where we found my boat. Again, taking two men with me, I went up near to the outposts, looking for an opportunity to rescue you. I was all the more determined to do this because the General had declared you should not escape again."

“Well, the opportunity came sooner and in a better way than I had anticipated. While my men and I were lying in a thicket waiting for the darkness to fall, we heard voices. Soon two men came up the road, and I heard one say:

“‘You are sure, Tom, that you know the way?’

“‘Never fear about that, Captain Aylesworth,’ the other replied. ‘I can take you to Colonel Nutter’s plantation on the darkest night. It isn’t over two miles from here, and we’ll be there in time for you to take supper with his family.’

“I am, as you may know, a South Carolinian, and at once recognized the name of Colonel Nutter as that of a rank Tory and a leader of the Tory forces in this part of the colony. Doubtless he was a personal friend of this Captain Aylesworth, who, finding himself near his residence, was going to make him a visit.

“No sooner had I thought of this when there flashed into my brain a plan by which I was certain I could secure your liberty. Motioning my

men to follow me, I kept on the trail of the two men until we were well away from the camp. Then we sprang upon them. Taken by surprise, we had no trouble in effecting their capture, and bringing them down to my boat.

“There I made the captain change uniforms with me, and took that of the soldier along for your use when I should find you. Then I returned to the lines. As soon as it was dark enough to conceal my face, I approached the nearest guard, with some misgiving I admit, yet determined in some way to pass him. When he challenged me, I replied:

“‘I am Captain Aylesworth, who passed you an hour or two ago.’

“‘I remember,’ he answered, ‘but you had a man with you then.’

“‘Yes,’ I agreed, ‘and I’ve got to have another, and so have returned for him.’

“He allowed me to pass, but I was not a dozen feet away when he called out abruptly:

“‘The password, sir. You’ll have to give that.’

“Here was a poser. I did not know what it was, but I did not want to go back, so I started to parley with him.

“ ‘King George hasn’t a more loyal supporter,’ I began to say but had only uttered the first two words, when to my delight he exclaimed:

“ ‘That’s it, sir; you may go on,’ and on I went.

“It took some time to locate the tent you were in, and the half dozen men about it did not look very promising for your release. But again bold effrontery served me well. Walking straight up to the guard at the door, I told him the General desired another interview with you, and had sent me to conduct you to him. The uniform I wore was his assurance that my demand was genuine, and I was admitted to your presence. I am now wondering what the General will say when he finds you are gone,” and he finished his tale with a chuckle.

“It is useless for me to thank you for what you have done for me tonight,” I began.

“That is what I think,” he responded with a laugh, “so I wouldn’t say anything about it.” Then he added with intense feeling: “Arthur Dunn, the red-coats have burned my home over the heads of my aged father and mother; they have slain my only brother—a lad of your age, and of whom you remind me. In return for this, I have sworn that I will do them all the injury I can. I know of nothing that will provoke the British authorities more than your escape, and that is all the compensation I need.”

It was not yet midnight, and before the sun rose I was again on board the *Boston*. As I went over the rail, my own watch was in charge of the deck, and at sight of me they broke into three rousing cheers. The noise awakened Captain Tucker, and learning the cause of it, he sent for me. No father could have greeted me more warmly, and almost his first words were those Lieutenant Haines had spoken a few hours earlier:

“If you again fall into the hands of the

enemy, don't give your right name," a bit of advice I had already made up my mind to follow.

At the close of the following day the British forces arrived at Wappoo Creek, near James Island, and south of the Ashley River. Here they began to throw up entrenchments and prepare themselves for a siege. Their naval forces at the same time drew a little nearer the inner harbor, and formed a line across its entrance so as to blockade it. They also took possession of Beacon House Light, and put a small force within it, and a frigate a few fathoms off shore to protect it with her cannon. These movements were a part of the spiral which during the next two months they wove about the town and which eventually hemmed it in.

From this time also there was continual activity on land and water between our forces—now and then a pitched battle, more often a skirmishing, frequently a naval duel, constantly an endeavor on their part to advance, and no

less constantly an effort on our part to check them or to drive them back.

I shall write only of those incidents of which I was a part. Possibly through Lieutenant Haines, who seemed to have taken a great interest in me, I shared in some of the more dangerous undertakings, but I would by no means have the reader think we were the only ones who were doing anything. The fact is that every man on land or sea was in service—every soldier and every sailor was instant in season and out of season during the days and nights that now followed. I did not hear of a single shirker, nor do I know of a case where anyone in those days tried to favor himself. If there was ever an army of heroes, the men under General Lincoln deserved that title. If there was ever a gallant naval force, the officers and crews of our ships won the appellation over and over again. The story never has been told—nor can it ever be told—of what was endured and suffered and done by that little army

and smaller navy in their efforts to save the town.

Scarcely had the British ships moved up the outer harbor when Lieutenant Haines paid me a visit. When we were alone in my mess-room, he said in a low tone:

“Master Dunn, are you ready to go with me on what may prove a perilous undertaking?”

“Yes,” I answered promptly, and waited for him to make such disclosures as seemed wisest to him.

He smiled. “Your promptness does you credit,” he continued, “but let me first tell you the nature of my mission. The enemy have, as you know, captured Beacon House Light, and the Commodore has learned there was a special reason for it. Some Tory friend has furnished the British admiral with a chart of the harbor—its channels and its courses—the Beacon Light serving as a center from which they take all their bearings. If the Light can be destroyed now, their drawing, if not rendered entirely useless, will at least not be so service-

able, and so Commodore Whipple has asked me to undertake its destruction. I have consented, and on the first favorable night shall make the attempt. I shall take fifteen men with me, and, if you are ready to accompany me, will ask you to take the same number."

"I am as ready to go now as I was before you told me what we were to do," I declared.

Again he smiled. "I expected it, and yet let me state wherein our peril lies. First, we must have a dark, stormy night for the enterprise or else we cannot get through the British fleet, and we run the risk which naturally comes to open boats in a raging sea. Then, should we pass the fleet and overpower the men in the Light and succeed in destroying it, we shall have an aroused enemy to escape on our return. I regard it as about an even chance for us to go down to the Light undiscovered; but to come back in safety the odds are all against us."

"Still I shall go," I asserted unhesitatingly.

"Commodore Whipple will speak to Captain Tucker, asking that you be assigned to this

work, and I will then give you further details of my plan," the lieutenant added as he arose to depart.

Two days later there came a storm from the south-east. Before sundown the rain poured in torrents, and the wind blew in great gusts. As night came on it became so dark one could not see a boat's length away. It was the favorable time for which we had been waiting, and I was not surprised to receive word from Lieutenant Haines to be ready to start at eight o'clock.

When the hour came I was in the ship's cutter with my men awaiting the signal from the *Providence*. My oars were muffled, and a dark lantern was so arranged as to throw light only on the compass by which I was to steer. Almost immediately the signal came—a light flashed three times over the schooner's rail. I knew that at that instant the lieutenant left her side, but I could not make out his boat. It mattered little, however; for by pre-arrangement, we were to run through the British fleet in differ-

ent courses, and, if the passage was successful, were to meet at a little cove just north of the Light. If one boat failed, the other was to carry out the assigned task. So I gave the command to my crew:

“Pull away, lads!”

The next minute we dashed away through the rain and against the wind and tide upon our perilous passage.

CHAPTER XIX

WE BOARD A CARTEL SHIP

In a short time I became convinced of two things. First, that we would have no difficulty in running through the British fleet unnoticed. The storm was so severe every patrol boat had been withdrawn; the darkness was so heavy we could not be seen ten feet away; the wind and sea made so much noise that whatever sounds came from us would pass unheard. I dismissed therefore all apprehension on this point immediately. The other matter was more serious, and soon became a struggle for life. It was the battle with the storm. To pull against it

took all the strength of my men; to keep the yawl true to her course was an impossibility; to prevent our craft from filling and sinking took the united efforts of four of the crew.

We gained our way slowly. The lights of the British vessels showed that. At length we were among the upper craft, and guided by them, I strove to swing back to the course from which I had seriously deviated. The combined strength of Boatswain Lewis and myself could not hold our helm to its place. Twice we swung dangerously near the enemy's ships. Once we passed directly under the stern of a frigate but we were unseen and unheard. At length we were clear of the fleet, and now the Beacon House Light itself became our guide.

Two hours had been allowed in the arranging of our plans for us to reach the little cove where we were to make our rendezvous; four had elapsed before we reached there, only to find ourselves alone.

The agreement between Lieutenant Haines and myself was that whoever arrived there first

was to wait one hour for the coming of the other party. But that had been on the supposition that two hours were ample to make the passage to the cove even against the storm.

It was now midnight, an hour later than I would have waited had I reached the rendezvous on time. Had Lieutenant Haines arrived there, and, after waiting the allotted time, gone on to the light house? I looked long and earnestly towards the beacon, but there was nothing in the shadows behind, or the rays in front, to give me a definite answer. I confess I was puzzled. I did not know whether to wait my hour there, or to go on immediately to the tower. I finally decided on the former course. I would obey my directions to the letter.

Slowly the minutes passed—so slowly that again and again I put my watch to my ears to make sure it had not stopped. A half hour; another quarter had come and gone, and I was overhauling the materials I had brought for the destruction of the Light in case the sole responsibility devolved upon me, when my ear

caught the faint sound of oars. I listened, and the sound was more distinct, then the lieutenant's yawl came out of the gloom and touched the shore at my feet.

"Did you reach here, Master Dunn, without capsizing?" were the officer's first words.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then you did better than I," he responded, and as he stepped ashore I saw he was as wet as a drowned rat. His men were also in the same condition.

"Our rudder broke just after we ran through the fleet," he explained, "and before we could do anything to prevent it, the yawl broached to, and shipping a ton or more of water, went over. We lost one man, and the entire contents of the craft except some extra oars which were fastened inside. With much difficulty we righted her, bailed her out with our tarpaulins, and, crawling back into her, finally succeeded in reaching here, but in a sorry condition to carry out our assigned task. I am glad you arrived

in better shape. How long have you been here?"

"Nearly an hour, sir. I was waiting out the allotted time before I went on to the Light."

"That was right," he said heartily, "for it gives me a chance to share in the work. Five minutes to one," he added, glancing at his watch in the light of my dark lantern; "not so late as I had feared. There is still time to complete our job and get back to our ships."

"We shall have the wind and tide with us, and can make our return much more rapidly," I suggested.

"Yes, if the enemy does not prevent," he admitted. "But the moment the beacon is in flames they will be on the alert for us, and having fresh men at the oars may run us down. We took that chance, however, when we decided to come here."

We now took the powder and oil cans from my boat, and distributed them among our crews to carry. Then ten of us with our hands free to use our cutlasses placed ourselves at the

head of the squad, and we began our march across the point to the light house.

This was a huge structure, built partly of stone and partly of hard pine logs. The door, fortunately for us, was on the rear side of the building, and towards this we made our way. Reaching it without discovery, we paused a moment to listen. The lantern at the top of the tower shone brightly, but all the rest of the building loomed up darkly above our heads. No sound came from within. The inmates, whatever their number, were evidently asleep, save perhaps the single watchman to care for the lantern.

My own plan, had I come alone, was to force open the door and seize the men within before they could recover from their surprise. But Lieutenant Haines had arranged to obtain by ruse what I should have gained by force. Raising the hilt of his sword, he pounded loudly on the door. Twice he was compelled to do this, and then a sleepy voice asked:

“Who’s there? What do you want?”

“Our boat is ashore. We want shelter for the rest of the night,” the officer answered as though he belonged to the British patrol.

“Aye! aye! sir,” came the response, “I’ll be there in a moment.”

There was a shuffling of feet and then the door was thrown wide open for us. Springing in, we seized the attendant before he could make the slightest resistance. There were six other men, all in their bunks, and, though roused by our entrance, they had no time to get their weapons before we had made them prisoners. Then the seven were taken down to our boats under a strong guard, there to await our coming.

We were now ready for our work of destruction. Tearing out a half dozen places in the foundation of the building, we placed canisters of powder within them. From these long strings of oakum, well saturated with oil, were carried to the center of the house. Here a huge pile of combustibles was made, oil was spread on walls and floors and stairs, the front win-

dows were darkened to hide the flames from that side, a rear window was left open for draft—and all was ready.

Sending the men off to the yawls, the lieutenant and I knelt down, and with flint and steel started a blaze in the heap of combustibles. Watching it until sure the fire was really kindled, we slipped out the door and ran for the cove.

There we halted and fastened our eyes upon the burning building. Through the rear door and window we could see the flames as they gained headway. Across the floor, up the walls they ran, and streaming out through the openings threw a great glare upon the dark curtain of the night. It was clear our work had been well done, and the structure was doomed. Then Lieutenant Haines turned to his prisoners, saying:

“Good sirs, we leave you here simply because we have no room for you in the boats. Possibly the nearest frigate will send a boat for you; if not, you will be no more exposed to the gale

than we are. One word of warning to you, however. We have placed six kegs of powder in yonder walls. It will, therefore, be well for you to keep a long distance from the fire. Good-night," and with that he gave the order for us to embark.

Our plan for the return was to keep near the shore until opposite Sullivan Island, then dash quickly to the south to enter the upper bay through the passage between Morris and Sullivan Islands. This course would enable us to run before the wind for a large part of the way, would keep us out of the glare of the burning building, and would also make it impossible for the enemy to follow us except in small boats.

For a short distance our boats kept together, probably because we were all more intent on watching the fire than we were in making our escape. Soon there came an explosion, followed in rapid succession by five others. Stones and logs were tossed high in the air; the great tower tottered and then fell with a crash which sounded loud above the storm; sparks and embers

flew in every direction; the flames burst out anew as though they would devour everything before them.

“She’s destroyed!” I shouted, but if the lieutenant heard me he made no answer. I glanced in the direction his boat had been but a moment before, and saw that it had disappeared, lost in the darkness.

“Give way, my lads!” I said to my own men, and they obeyed with a will.

As we went up the bay I could see signs that the enemy were aroused. Lights flashed to and fro on the decks of the frigates. The one nearest the Beacon House fired a cannon, and then put out a boat which hastened to the shore.

“They’ll soon know the fire was not an accident,” I remarked to my boatswain, “and may attempt to follow us.”

“It will do them no good, sir,” he answered. “We have too long a start for them to over-haul us. Our fear is yonder as we cross out to the channel. If I mistake not, one of the

ships has hoisted her anchor, and is coming up this way."

I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw by her rapidly moving lights that one of the vessels had certainly cast off her moorings and was running up the bay.

"We must reach and cross the channel before her," I declared. "Heave away, lads!"

"Aye! aye! sir!" they responded, and bent to their oars.

Without waiting to go higher up the bay, I had our helm changed to carry us out towards Cumming's Point. But fast as we went, the ship came faster. It seemed also that she was shaping her course to head us off.

"Run up under Sullivan's Island," I directed Master Lewis. "If necessary, we'll beach the boat and seek protection in Fort Moultrie."

He promptly turned our bow that way, and the coming vessel changed her own course just enough to follow in our wake.

"She must see us!" I now exclaimed in my surprise.

“It looks so, but I do not see how,” the boatswain admitted in a puzzled way.

“Change again towards the point,” I ordered.

He did so, and again the ship turned. All the while she had been gaining rapidly upon us, and now was so near I was anxious lest she run us down.

“Port! Port your helm!” I cried, hoping in that way to swing clear of her. But we were too late. I had only time to call to my men to save themselves by springing upon her deck, as she cut our yawl in two.

Following the advice I had given my men, I leaped for her rail. She was not so large nor so high out of water as she had seemed when farther down the bay, and I caught the railing and pulled myself up on her deck. Rising, I shook the water from my clothing, and then heard a voice near me say:

“I’m right along with you, sir.” It was Boatswain Lewis.

“So am I,” another and then another voice exclaimed.

The same cry came from the larboard rail, and I was sure that half of my men at least had escaped the disaster—but escaped into the enemy’s hands. To my amazement, however, little attention was paid to us. Her officers and men seemed too busy with the care of their ship for that.

Standing near her foremast with my men, I slowly took all this in, and came to the conclusion that the craft had broken her anchor chains and driven up the bay before the gale. All her courses had been due to attempts to prevent her wreck, and to get back to her anchorage, and not to her efforts to follow me. In fact, as I learned a little later, she had not seen us at all, and had no idea we were in that locality until she ran us down.

Soon an officer passed near us in the discharge of his duties.

“Where is your captain?” I asked.

“On the quarter deck,” he replied. “Who are you?”

“One of the men you just ran down.”

“A Yankee officer?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know the inner harbor?”

“Yes.”

“Come with me.”

He led me aft to his commander, and in a few words explained who I was and how I came there.

“He says he knows the upper bay,” the subordinate continued.

“I am Captain Jackson,” the skipper then said. “This is the cartel ship, and we have lost our anchors, leaving us at the mercy of the storm. There are a number of refugees on board, including several women and children. For their sake the vessel must be saved. If you can put us into the inner bay where we can ride out the storm, or beach the craft in safety, I will give you charge of her.”

I thought a moment. Then I answered:

“I believe I can bring you near enough to our frigate for them to throw us a hawser, sir, and you can then ride out the storm.”

“Do you suppose they will allow me to return when the gale is over, or will consider me a prize?” he inquired.

“I cannot say what our commander will do, sir,” I responded, “but if I were in command of our fleet the character of your ship would protect you.”

“I must take the risk,” he concluded, and turned the wheel over to me.

I ran in behind Cumming’s Point for smoother waters, and then took a straight course up the bay past Fort Johnson. I could now see the lights of the *Boston*, and headed directly for her.

At my suggestion Boatswain Lewis was sent into our bow to hail the frigate. In his powerful voice he called out to her as we drew near, proclaiming our character, and asking for a rope. I had to luff to under her stern in order to get it, but at length it reached us, and, mak-

ing ourselves fast, we held on there until morning.

I now took the opportunity to muster my men, and found that all but four had succeeded in clambering to the deck of the cartel ship. The missing four turned up the next day. They had clung to the broken boat and drifted ashore on Sullivan's Island. Lieutenant Haines reached the *Providence* without further mishap.

After consultation with Commodore Whipple the next day, Captain Tucker was able to inform Captain Jackson that his vessel would be allowed to return to the English fleet. He had to wait twenty-four hours before the storm had abated sufficiently to permit him to sail, but when the hour came for him to depart, he and his officers and passengers signed and sent a letter of thanks to our commander for the kindness shown them while in our lines.

CHAPTER XX

CHARLESTON IS TAKEN

I know that Captain Tucker greatly appreciated this act of Captain Jackson and his friends, but he could not have been so elated as were Lieutenant Haines and I over the thanks we received the day after the departure of the cartel ship.

Master John Rutledge, the governor of the colony, sent for us to call upon him at his residence in the town. When we were in his presence he said:

“You, then, are the officers who were in command of the squad that destroyed the Beacon House Light?”

We bowed our assent.

“I have requested you to call here today, my good sirs,” he continued, “that I may extend to you personally my thanks for the very efficient manner in which you performed your task.”

We hastened to assure him we had only done our duty.

“Admit that,” he responded with a smile, “you nevertheless did your work so well you deserve this acknowledgment from me. I am glad one of you is a native of this colony, and that the other is from the colony of Massachusetts. It shows that the same intrepid spirit is to be found in our patriots whether they come from the north or from the south. It is the hope of our final success in this struggle for our independence.”

I know my own face flushed with pleasure at his words, and I am equally sure that the face of Master Haines did.

“I called you here, however,” the governor went on, “not only to thank you for what you

have done, but to ask you to do something else."

"We are ready," we replied together.

"I wish you to destroy Fort Johnson," he said, and paused to mark the effect of his words upon us.

We looked at each other. Both of us knew why this request was made. The entrenchment of the British at Ashley River and their erection of batteries across Wappoo Creek had rendered the fortification untenable. A three-sided fort, with parapets only on the north and east and west, it left the south—the side on which the enemy had appeared—wholly unprotected. So the commander had promptly withdrawn, bringing away, however, his men, his guns, and his stores in safety.

But for some reason, possibly his haste, he had left the fortress intact, and now the enemy were arranging to occupy it. Already a small detachment of soldiers had been placed within it, and cannon were on the way across the island to re-fortify it. Once furnished with an arma-

ment, the red-coats would be able to drive our ships from their present station, and protect their own vessels whenever they attempted to enter the upper bay by the south channel. Its destruction meant a continuation of our control over the entrance to the inner harbor.

It was a very different undertaking from our previous one—a place easier to reach; a work harder to do; and one that would require a much larger force of men.

Still, as I gazed into Lieutenant Haines's eyes, I knew he was willing to undertake it, and I was as willing to accompany him as I had been on the night we destroyed the Beacon House Light. So we repeated together the words we had already used:

“We are ready.”

“I will speak to Commodore Whipple about the matter, then, and you will receive your orders direct from him,” and he dismissed us.

Within an hour, however, the official assignment reached us, and, since the undertaking brooked no delay, we set about our prepara-

tions at once. When night came we were ready. At ten o'clock eight boats, carrying four score men, one-half of them armed with swords and guns, the others bearing spades and bars and mattocks, swung clear of the frigates, and pulled across the harbor. Landing a few rods above the fort, our working force was left on the shore, while the others advanced upon the unsuspecting garrison.

We reached its rear without challenge, and with a rush entered. Out from the barracks came a dozen half-clad and unarmed men, followed in a few minutes by a dozen more who had delayed to dress and arm themselves. But at the sight of our overwhelming numbers they quickly surrendered. The surprise had been complete.

It now fell to my lot to take a dozen men from our armed squad, and proceed a half mile up the island, and form a picket line against any possible surprise; while Lieutenant Haines brought up our working gang and began the demolition.

The parapets were thrown down, the stones tumbled into the sea, the timbers drawn over to the barracks for a general conflagration, the dirt levelled. It was a long task, and a hard one, and the morning hours were drawing near when the huge pile of combustibles was ready for the flames. Then my men and I were recalled; the fire was kindled; and we hastened to our boats.

We were not fifty fathoms from the shore when a body of horsemen came tearing down to the burning ruins. Fearful, perhaps, that we might have placed cans of powder in the pile, they did not attempt to stay the flames. Instead they rode on down to the shore, where they fired their pistols and sent after us their shouts of derision.

Baffled in their attempt to make use of the fort, the British now began more vigorous efforts to hem us in. The land forces endeavored to cross the Ashley River to the Neck.

This was no easy task, for General Lincoln had by no means been idle. From the Ashley

to the Cooper River he had thrown up a line of redoubts, with a deep ditch in front; and every vulnerable point on the shores and around the town was fortified with cannon and detachments of soldiers. He stubbornly contested, therefore, every advance of the enemy, and though they outnumbered his own troops nearly three to one, it took them a month to obtain a footing on the north bank of the river. But at last it was accomplished, and, to our chagrin, they completed a parallel line of batteries within eleven hundred yards of our own.

Had our ships been free to aid our land forces, I then thought, and even now I believe the history of the siege would have been differently written. But while Sir Henry Clinton was conducting his troops across the river, the British admiral moved up the bay with the design of attacking us from the water side.

A question arose on our part as to the best place to station our own ships for this attack. Some of our officers favored our changing to Five Fathom Hole, while others believed the

better position was between the islands. The matter was settled by sending Captains Tucker and Rathbone to get the soundings from the bar to the hole. I was in charge of one of our boats, and helped to frame the report which the captains handed to Commodore Whipple. It was substantially as follows:

“We find eleven feet of water in the channel from the bar to Five Fathom Hole. The Hole is three miles from the bar. Ships cannot anchor until they are at that distance from the bar. Off North Breaker Head, where the vessels can anchor, they will be one and a half miles from the shore.

“It would be useless to place batteries there, for should the enemy make a retreat necessary, it would be impossible for us to cover that retreat, or to take the men away. It is clear, therefore, that our ships can do the most effectual service for the defense and security of the town by acting in conjunction with Fort Moultrie.

“Our reasons are: that the channel is so narrow between the fort and the middle ground

that they (the ships) may be moved so as to rake the channel and prevent the enemy's troops from being landed to annoy the fort; and will also be in the best position to check the advance of the enemy's fleet into the inner bay."

This report prevailed, and our little fleet remained where it was—on line with Fort Moultrie. This garrison was under the command of Colonel Pinckney, an experienced and intrepid officer, and every one of the soldiers with him was a picked man.

Scarcely was the advance across the Ashley begun by the troops when the British ships began their advance up the bay. Arranged in the form of an inverted V, the apex pointing up the harbor, they came on. The moment it arrived within gun range, the leading vessel opened up a brisk fire; the other vessels in turn followed her example. The fort and our ships returned the fire, and the battle was on.

For an hour it raged. But wind and tide, as well as the number and strength of the ships,

was on the side of the enemy, and they at length broke through our line, and were enabled to attack us from the rear. To save our ships, therefore, we were compelled to withdraw to the mouth of the Cooper River, while the English fleet anchored off the ruins of Fort Johnson to repair their damages, which had been severe.

The position they now occupied made it useless for Colonel Pinckney to remain in Fort Moultrie, so, abandoning it under the cover of the night, he escaped with his men and his guns to the Neck.

To prevent the fleet from coming up the Cooper River and enfilading our lines, on the next day we sank eleven vessels across the river's mouth, and stationed the *Ranger* and two galleys north of the sunken craft.

The other ships were taken farther up the river and dismantled, both men and guns being transferred to the shore to re-inforce the batteries. There was also a further addition to our little army. General Woodford arrived

with seven hundred men, he and his brave followers having made a forced march of five hundred miles in twenty-eight days for our relief.

But however bright the ray of hope was which was awakened by their coming, it shone only for ten days, for then the British were reinforced by the arrival of two thousand fresh troops from New York. About the same time also they completed their second line of redoubts within three hundred yards of ours; their fleet advanced within cannon shot of the town; and a heavy detachment of soldiers was thrown across the north end of the Neck, completely hemming us in. It was now the twentieth of April—a day long to be remembered by us, for on it we received our first summons to surrender. To this demand the brave Lincoln replied:

“As long as my men have food to eat, and sufficient strength to endure the ceaseless toil and vigilance required of them, I have no intention of surrendering.”

Distress through the scarcity of food was

not, however, long in coming. All supplies from the country were cut off; the amount of stores on hand was not large; and it was not long before all classes had to be put on an allowance, six ounces of pork and a little rice being each one's portion.

On May first famine stared us in the face; only rations enough for one more week remained. Our hospitals were overflowing with the wounded; our death roll—due to our constant skirmishing—had become frightfully large; our men were becoming emaciated from their scanty supply of food, and worn with their unremitting toil and vigilance. Still, to a second demand from the British general for surrender, General Lincoln, after consulting with his officers, returned a flat refusal.

Ten more days went by. The British troops were now within twenty-five yards of our line. For several days hot shot from the ships in the harbor and the batteries on shore had been thrown into the town, setting houses on fire in several quarters. Our entrenchments were shat-

tered; our garrisons were weakened by their losses; our food was gone; our men had hardly strength enough to make a firm stand against a general assault, yet so intrepid was our leader he decided to undertake one.

The last battle, the fiercest and most formidable during the invasion, followed. Pouring out from our redoubts at an unsuspected moment, we swept down and upon the first line of British batteries, striving to dislodge the red-coats and drive them back to the second line of entrenchments. It is not within my power to describe the onslaught, for before I reached the batteries a ball from a musket struck me in the breast, and I went down, to be trampled under the feet of my comrades as they rushed on in their vain undertaking. For though the contest raged long and fiercely, with terrible losses on both sides, superior numbers finally told and we were driven back to our redoubts, beaten, but not conquered.

As night came on our commander called his officers together again for consultation. The

general feeling was that it would be useless, yes, an unwise sacrifice of precious lives, to fight longer, and so on the following day General Lincoln secured terms of honorable surrender.

CHAPTER XXI

“THE CRUISE OF THE NINE”

I did not lie long there on the battlefield after the struggle was over. Some of my comrades had seen me when I fell, and as soon as an armistice for the burial of the dead and the removal of the wounded could be arranged, they came to my help. I was carried to a large storehouse near the Cooper River which had been turned into a temporary hospital, and there Dr. Burns of our own frigate gave me his special care. My wound, though serious, did not reach the danger point, and within three weeks I was able to receive visitors. Captain

Tucker was the first, and when left alone for a few minutes, he bent over my cot, and, lowering his voice, said:

“We have not been able to keep your whereabouts from the British authorities, my lad.”

“I am not surprised at that,” I replied slowly, and wondering what else he would tell me.

“They made a search for you at once,” he continued, “and happened to question one of our men who was too dull to realize that the inquiry meant any special danger to you, and so he told them you were wounded in the last battle, and had been taken to one of the hospitals. It was then easy for them to find you, and they have put the building here under double guards until you recover, when they are going to send you to New York.”

I merely nodded an assent, for the revelation, while not unexpected, nevertheless took all the talk out of me for the moment.

“I have tried my best to arrange an exchange for you, but they will not listen to it. So there is but one thing for us to do—it is to get you

out of here in some way before they know you are able to be moved."

"Can it be done?" I asked eagerly.

"Dr. Burns, Lieutenant Haines, and I have been in consultation several times," he explained, "but we have not yet hit upon a way that seems practicable. The Doctor, however, is making them believe you are much worse off than you really are, and if he can keep them in ignorance of your actual condition until you are able to walk, we still hope to do it. Be of good courage, therefore, and get strong as fast as possible. You have escaped them every time so far, and I believe you will now," and he left me.

I tried to be of good heart for I knew my three friends were all ingenious and resourceful and would find a way of escape for me were it possible. But, after all, it was not they, but the old sailor, Richard Jones—whom I had rescued from the sea and who had declared he would make good all I had done for him—who devised not only a way for my escape, but also

for putting an end to all further search on the part of the British authorities for me. It came about in this way:

He saw me fall on the day of the battle, and turned at once to see if he could do anything for me, but before he reached my side was himself smitten by a bullet which laid him low. Taken to the same hospital as myself, and put on a cot in the same ward, almost his first inquiry when he came to consciousness was about me. From day to day as he grew weaker he rejoiced to know that I was growing stronger. Then there came a time when Dr. Burns had to tell him that he could live but a few hours.

“I’ve ben waitin’ for that word, Doctor,” he replied. “Do ye think I can hold out till night?”

“Yes,” the surgeon answered, “and perhaps until morning.”

“Then I’ve a favor to ax of ye,” the sailor continued.

“What is it, my good fellow?” Doctor Burns inquired kindly.

“That ye put me in Master Dunn’s bed, an’ let me die for him, while he lives as Dick Jones,” he explained. “Then the red-coats won’t get him.”

Like a flash the physician recognized the possibility of the plan. Owing to the scarcity of surgeons, since the surrender he had been left in sole charge of that ward. On their tour of inspection the British had numbered each patient, putting his name against the number. If he died, his number was reported, and an order came for his burial. If he recovered, his number was also reported, and an order came for his discharge, and his return to the barracks of his company.

Jones was number seventy-two in that ward, while I was number fifty-seven. The change could be made, and on the death of the old sailor the report that patient number fifty-seven had died could be sent to the British officer acting as superintendent of that building. Doubtless he would simply issue an order for the burial without visiting the ward as he had a score of

times before, and in his records would enter the fact that number fifty-seven, or Midshipman Arthur Dunn, had died and was buried; while upon my discharge the same records would show that number seventy-two, or Richard Jones, a sailor, had recovered.

“It shall be done, Richard,” he promised in a low tone, “and God bless you for thinking of it.”

That night, with the help of two Continental soldiers who were acting as nurses, the surgeon had the change made without explaining to his assistants why it was done. To me, however, he made known the whole scheme, and cautioned me that I was to remember I was Richard Jones until my exchange was effected.

The next morning the old sailor had joined the unseen majority, and before night was buried under my number. We never knew what the effect of the report was at the British headquarters. Probably they accepted it as a fact, as no further inquiry was made concerning me so far as we ever knew. Three weeks later, I

left the hospital as number seventy-two, or Richard Jones, to the British authorities—another fact they never questioned.

Instead of joining my comrades in the barracks set apart for their use, however, I went to a boarding-place which my friends had secured for me, and where I was known by my assumed name.

But I was there only three days, for on June 26th Captain Tucker and his crew were exchanged for Captain William Wardlow and crew, who had been captured by the *Boston* on the *Thorn* twelve months before. As Richard Jones, sailor, I passed unrecognized before the English officer in charge of the exchange; and on the following day the Captain and I started by the overland route for our home in Marblehead.

We were there only a month, however. Then Captain Tucker received notice that he was to take command of the ship *Thorn*, at that time in Boston harbor. With that notice came my own commission as a second lieutenant, and an

assignment to the same vessel. We left at once for Boston, and boarded the frigate to find to our delight that she had been put in thorough repair, furnished with a crew of one hundred and twenty-five men and her armament increased to twenty-two guns.

We sailed the following day, making several cruises during the next three months, running sometimes as far north as Halifax, and again south as far as Jamaica. The wonderful success of Captain Tucker still attended him, and we captured many prizes, some of which were of great value.

Then came a cruise so remarkable that it has been exceeded by no naval commander; so remarkable that I hesitate to tell of it here lest the readers may think I exaggerate. Yet it is but a faithful recital of facts.

We left port on a bright November morning, and before night sighted a small brig, coming up from the south. We gave chase and overhauled her without difficulty. At our first shot she hove to, and I went off to her. She

proved to be the *Lord Hyde* from the West Indies and bound for Halifax with a cargo of sugar valued at three thousand pounds. A midshipman was put in command of her, and she was sent in to Boston.

We changed our course after parting with the prize and ran to the eastward. The following morning we discovered a large ship a few miles away, and as we approached her we found she carried sixteen guns. This was suggestive of a valuable cargo, and as she showed a disposition to fight, we cleared our decks and prepared for action. A broadside poured into her, however, brought her to terms, and upon boarding her we found she was the *Alliance*, from Liverpool to Charleston, with a cargo of wine, brandy, and dry goods inventoried at forty thousand pounds.

The next day was a Sabbath, and proved to be on our part a day of rest. But the following day made up for it, as it brought us two prizes. The first was a letter of marque brig of fourteen guns, bound from Antigua to Quebec laden

with rum and molasses, and valued at seven thousand pounds. The second was a sloop from Saint Eustatia to Halifax with three hundred hogsheads of sugar worth six thousand pounds.

We cruised all day Tuesday to the west and south, and it was nearly night before we sighted any sail. There was a bright moon, however, and we could follow her almost as well as in the day time. Before midnight we had captured her. She proved to be the brig *Venture*, from Madeira to New York with one hundred and fifty pipes of Madeira wine and a miscellaneous cargo, valued at ten thousand pounds.

Our next prize cost us a struggle, and the loss of several men. We had run to the northward all the forenoon, when our lookout at the mast-head called out that there was a large armed ship on our weather bow. We changed our course to overhaul her, and soon found she was nearly our match as a sailer. For four hours we strove to come up with her, and I do not know as we should have done so then had not the stiff breeze carried away her foretopmast.

Finding she could not escape us, she now prepared for a fight, and as she carried twenty guns and a large crew, she was no mean antagonist. Captain Tucker attempted several times to grapple with her, desiring to throw a boarding party on her deck, but she avoided him every time, and poured a broadside into us. We returned the fire, and both vessels had received considerable damage when a mistake by the Englishman's pilot caused her to foul with us. Here was the opportunity for which we had been looking, and in another minute our boarders poured over her rail and down her deck.

The British commander was plucky, and not until a score of his men were killed and he himself was wounded, did he strike his flag. We then found the vessel was the *Dean Swift*, from London to New York, with a cargo of dry goods which invoiced thirty thousand pounds, besides four thousand barrels of provisions, and fifty puncheons of rum.

Thursday we had worked off to the south-

ward and about noon ran in with the brigantine *Boyd*, from Jamaica for Quebec, and laden with sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and valued at fifteen thousand pounds.

Early Friday morning we found a brig not a mile from us. Like ourselves she was becalmed, but our boats went off to her and captured her without difficulty. She proved to be the brig *Patsey*, bound from Liverpool to the West Indies with an assorted cargo worth eight thousand pounds.

For Saturday there was reserved for us the crowning prize of the week. We had again taken a course to the north, and were off Massachusetts bay when we sighted her. Our lookout reported her as a large ship, heavily laden, and carrying eighteen guns. We were not slow in giving chase, nor were we slow in coming up with her. To our shot across her bow she replied defiantly with her stern gun. So our men were drummed to quarters, our guns were shotted, and our boarders were at their station

amidships. We were ready for what we expected to be a gallant fight.

But the ship was so deep in the water she was unwieldy, while our own frigate responded to her helm like a thing of life, and before she could avoid us we had grappled with her and put thirty men on board. Finding he could not shake us off, nor withstand the impetus of our boarding party, her commander speedily surrendered. She was the ship *Dolphin*, from London with supplies of all kinds for the British troops—the invoice showing a value of more than seventy-five thousand pounds sterling.

We had been out nine days and taken nine prizes, with a total value of not less than two hundred thousand pounds. But our crew had now become so depleted by the constant drain upon it, we were no longer in a condition to continue our voyage. So we sailed for Boston where we arrived safely, with the *Dolphin*, and where we found the other eight prizes had preceded us. Quite a sensation was created by our

extraordinary luck, and not only among our own men, but in shipping circles to this day they speak of it as “the cruise of the nine.”

CHAPTER XXII

CAPTURED BY THE HIND

There is an ebb in the current of fortune as well as in the deep. The neap tides often follow the highest flood of prosperity. We set out on another cruise, our tenth, and as I now attempt to write of it, it brings to mind the old Roman adage: "The tenth wave surged."

Our misfortunes began with a storm so severe and prolonged I even now recall our experiences with dread. All day the clouds had been gathering; the wind blew from the northeast, and there was that peculiar sough in it, which through a long life at sea I have come to recognize as the indication of an unusual tempest.

Towards sundown the temperature suddenly grew colder, and a fine sleet began to fall. Soon deck and spars and sails were covered with an icy garment which made it difficult to keep one's feet and to handle the shrouds and guys. Before midnight the wind had increased to such violence the stiffened canvas could not stand before it, and cracked and split and shivered to pieces like sheets of thin glass. We were soon obliged to turn and run before the gale under bare poles, while the great waves followed us like monsters seeking to devour us.

For four days there was no let-up to the storm, and our ship became so top-heavy with its cargo of ice and snow we staggered along like a drunken man. Then the wind suddenly changed to the south-east, the temperature moderated, the snow and sleet turned to rain, and for twenty-four hours we were driven to the north-west at a more furious pace than that with which we had taken our southing. Spiteful as the tempest was, however, it was not so disagreeable as the first. We were saved the

biting cold, and the ropes and sails could be worked more readily and to better advantage.

We were just beginning to congratulate ourselves that the force of the gale was spent when the wind whipped again into the north-east, and the experiences of the first four days were repeated and prolonged to nearly a week. In fact, we escaped the clutches of the norther only by being driven so far south the icy hand that grasped us had to yield before the warm breezes of the semi-tropics.

It took us another week to repair the damages we had suffered, to get out and bend to their places our spare sails, and to regain the course we were on when the storm first struck us.

Then followed a month during which we did not sight a vessel; it seemed as though the gale had swept clean the surface of the ocean, and left us the sole survivor of its fury.

The month of failure to discover a sail was succeeded by two weeks during which every ship we sighted ran away from us, and when

they came to an end we had been eight weeks at sea without so much as the ghost of a prize to cheer our hearts.

We now were off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the orders had been given us to take a homeward course, when our lookout called out:

“Ship ahoy! Two points off our weather bow. She’s a large ship, and carries the English colors.”

Hoping at last we had found a prize, so that we need not return to port empty handed, we changed our helm, and ran down towards her.

We had not gone a mile before the man at the masthead again called out:

“She’s a British frigate, a big one, sir, and she has headed down this way.”

Lieutenant Barrows, our executive officer, sprang into the shrouds and gazed at the ship through his glass for some minutes. Then he jumped down, saying to me:

“It is the *Hind*, Sir William Young commander, and carrying fifty-four guns. I’ve

seen her too many times to be mistaken. Will you notify the Captain, Lieutenant Dunn?"

Somewhat startled by his announcement, for I knew if he was right the *Thorn* was no match for so formidable an antagonist, I hurried away to inform Captain Tucker.

He came to the deck and took a good look at the approaching frigate, and then he said:

"I presume you are correct in your surmise about yonder vessel, Lieutenant Barrows. She certainly carries more than double our number of guns, and probably has a crew triple our own. So I have got to do what I never did before, and what I do now with very bad grace, I assure you—I must run away from a British ship. We are no match for her."

He gave the order to about ship and to spread every stitch of canvas we could carry to the stiff breeze then blowing from the northwest. In a few minutes the *Hind* was under a similar cloud of canvas, and the race which meant escape or capture for us was begun.

We were soon making ten knots, and for

three hours the British frigate did no better. The distance between the ships certainly had not lessened, and we began to hope that we might shake off our pursuer. But the ill-luck which so far had attended us during that voyage continued to manifest itself. All at once, and without the slightest warning our main-topmast snapped in two and came tumbling down to the deck. It struck our first officer and two seamen, knocking the former overboard, and injuring the latter so that they had to be taken down below and put under the surgeon's care. We hove to as soon as we could, and put over a boat for the unfortunate officer. He was a good swimmer and managed to keep afloat until we came up with him; but a half-hour had elapsed before we were back on board the ship, and in that half-hour the *Hind* had so gained upon us there were but two things we could do, and we must take our choice between them: to fight or to surrender.

We chose the former, large as our foe was; so the drum beat our men to quarters; our guns

were shotted; and, with about as much hope of victory as a bantam might have in a contest with a game-cock, we turned to meet the enemy.

She was evidently surprised at our action, and was, therefore, not ready for the fight quite so soon as ourselves. That gave us a slight advantage, and we poured a broadside into her before she fired a gun.

But she soon made up for her delay, and for some minutes the unequal contest waged. Great gaps were torn in our sides; our decks were swept; our sails were riddled; a score or more of our men were killed or wounded.

But the *Hind* had also suffered. Our guns had been aimed largely at her rigging, for it was the hope of Captain Tucker to so disable her that she would be unable to follow him, and then he would continue his flight. The time for that movement now seemed to be ripe, for her foremast had been shot away, and the spars of her mizzen and mainmasts sadly injured. So he gave the command to sheer off and sail away.

We were coming about when a well directed

shot from the Britisher, who had divined our purpose, struck our rudder, breaking it into splinters and causing our frigate to spin around like a top. We were helpless, and in another instant the *Hind* had grappled with us, and poured a large boarding party down upon our deck.

There was a short hand-to-hand fight, and then, overpowered by numbers, Captain Tucker did the only thing he could do to save the remnant of his men—he surrendered.

Only thirty-eight of our crew were able to line up on the deck of the *Hind* and answer to our names as they were called from the ship's roster; forty-five more of our men were alive but so severely wounded they were under the surgeon's care, while forty-two had been slain.

The Englishmen had not passed through the struggle unscathed, however. More than one hundred of them had been killed or wounded, and it was clear from the deference shown us by Captain Young that the battle we had been

able to put up with our small numbers had won his respect.

It seems to me now as I recall the fight that it was a singular circumstance that both Captain Tucker and myself should have come out of it unharmed. I know he was ever at the front of his men, and I am not conscious that I in any way attempted to shield myself, yet it remains a fact, unaccountable though it may be except on the belief that an over-ruling Providence protected us, we had not received the slightest injury.

Our brother officers had not fared so well. Lieutenant Barrows, saved only a half-hour before from a watery grave, was one of the first among us to be slain. Our third officer, and two of our five midshipmen had been wounded, and one of our midshipmen killed. There had been even greater havoc among our warrant officers, as all but four had given up their lives in defense of the flag they loved so well, and the four who survived were among the wounded.

Proud that his men had fought so well, yet

grieved over the terrible loss among them, Captain Tucker asked, after our names had been taken, that we might be permitted to care for the injured—a request firmly though courteously refused.

“It would be a departure from our usual custom,” Sir William said, “but I promise you that they shall have the best care we can give them, the care that such brave men deserve.”

For ourselves, men and officers alike, we were sent to the brig, where we were closely guarded until the *Hind* could reach port in the Isle of St. Jean, now Prince Edward Island.

As I lay there in the darkness of the hold, I wondered over the fact that when I had responded to the name of Lieutenant Arthur Dunn, the officer calling the roll had manifested no surprise or seemed to attach no special significance to it. It was so different from the treatment I had been accustomed to receive when the name was given to the British officials, I could not help calling the attention of the Captain to the circumstance.

“It may be they think you are some other Dunn,” he suggested. “It is not an uncommon name, and the higher rank here, and reported death at Charleston may help to conceal your identity.”

“They may forget, too, that I am five years older now than when I first left the *Saint George*,” I added, “and so are looking for a younger person.”

“Possibly,” he acknowledged, “though I think the official record of your death does more to prevent the recognition than all else. But whatever the reason for this failure to identify in the lieutenant the runaway midshipman, let us be thankful for it. It will doubtless save us many anxious moments in the days that are to come.”

We were forty-eight hours in the *Hind*, and then she arrived at Charlottetown, where we were transferred to the garrison and put under the care of the commandant, General William Patterson, who was also the governor of the colony.

Within the walls of the fort there was a huge log building used as a prison, and in this we were confined. For some reason never known to us, our officers were now separated from our crew, the latter being put in the large room with the other prisoners, while we were given a small room directly back of the office of the prison overseer. It may be the authorities thought we would be safer where the superintendent could keep his eye on us.

Our confinement was irksome, but nothing like what I had experienced in the Halifax prison a few years before. We had a clean room, there was plenty of fresh air, good water, and wholesome, though coarse food, and there was no disease. As the hot months came on, however, the tediousness of our confinement grew upon us. We became restless, and one day the Captain put into words what for some time had been in the thoughts of us all:

“We can’t stand this much longer, lads. We must find a way to get out of here, and back to our homes. If we are ever to do it, this is the

time. When the cold weather comes on everything will be against the attempt."

From that day we talked of nothing else, planned for nothing else.

It was the Captain who finally hit upon a scheme which we hoped would succeed. Our room was in the south-west corner of the prison, the west side of the apartment forming a part of the rear of the building. This we knew could not be far from the west wall of the fort, but as there was no window on that side we could not tell exactly how far.

With a knife allowed us for cutting our food the Captain one day made a small aperture between the logs which had been hewed so smoothly as to fit tightly together. Placing his eye to this, he made his own estimation of the distance to the wall, and then had each of us in turn make his estimate. Comparing notes, we found we did not differ two feet in our opinions of the distance—ten feet being the longest amount guessed by any of us.

"Very well," commented our leader, "we will

now allow five feet for the thickness of the wall, an ample allowance. That will make fifteen feet from here to the outside—not a long distance, surely, and one the six of us here ought to be able to tunnel in two or three weeks.”

“But to dig a tunnel we must get under the floor,” I objected. “How are we to do that?”

Our berths were arranged in a double tier on the north side of the room, the Captain occupying one of the lower ones and I the other. In answer to my question he led us over there, and, removing the blanket from his own berth, showed us how one of the bottom boards had cracked in two under his weight.

“It broke just before I got up this morning,” he explained, “and when I arose I took a look at it to see how serious the damage was. Then I discovered this,—” as he spoke he bent the two ends of the board downwards until they had parted several inches at the center, and we all saw what he meant. The floor of the room did not extend under the tier of berths, and we were looking down upon the bare ground.

Of course, the broken board did not give us an aperture wide enough even for the smallest of us to crawl through, but with the knife that had served to make the small opening between the logs we at length succeeded in cutting out the entire bottom of the captain's berth, and then any of us could crawl beneath the building at his will.

Rude paddles were made from the pieces of boards we had removed, and that night the tunnel was begun. I will not attempt to describe the feverish anxiety with which we slowly dug our way down the passage that we believed would finally give us the one thing we desired above all others—our liberty.

We worked only through the night hours, carefully covering all traces of our work during the day. First we sank a pit about four feet deep, and large enough for us to turn around in. The dirt from this we hoisted in a blanket and emptied it in the open space under the floor of the building.

Then the real tunnel began. We made it big

enough for the largest man among us to crawl in and out easily. The dirt from this was pushed back to the pit, from which it was removed to the open space under the floor.

The work went slowly. We gained only about twelve inches each night, and therefore over two weeks elapsed before we had gone the fifteen feet which we had estimated would carry us beyond the outer wall of the fort. All was now ready for our last task, the making of the opening from the tunnel into the open air. We reserved this for the last night—the night we hoped to escape, and waited therefore for one that would be favorable in every respect for the enterprise. It came on the last night of July, at the end of the seventeenth day since we had begun the digging, a rainy, drizzly evening when a dark pall hung over the fort and all its surroundings.

Captain Tucker had asked that his own hands might do the last work, and about nine o'clock he entered the tunnel for that purpose. Midshipman Lawrence attended him to draw back

the blanket as he filled it with dirt. The rest of us gathered about the inner opening, waiting for the word that should send us down the passage one by one—down the passage to the outer world from which we had been shut off for weeks.

Three times Master Lawrence drew back the filled blanket for us to empty. The third time he said:

“The Captain had one hand up through the surface when I started back here. He says we are beyond the fort wall, and by the time we can come out there one after the other, he will have the opening large enough for us to pass through. So come on.”

The order of our going had been pre-arranged. I was to be the last. One by one I saw my comrades go down the tunnel, and then I entered. As rapidly as I could I crept along, touching now and then the heels of the man in front of me. Then he rose to his feet, and I knew we had reached the outlet. I could even feel the fresh air as it blew down upon me. How

good it felt! One quick spring and I would be free!

An exclamation from the man in front of me as he went out of the opening—an exclamation quickly smothered as it seemed to me—reached my ear. I wondered what it could mean, but there was no time now for investigation, nor even for hesitation. So up I arose, placed my hands on the firm ground, and leaped out of the hole into the arms of two British soldiers who were waiting to capture me.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ESCAPE

I struggled with my captors for a while, not so much because I expected to escape from them, but in hopes that I would thereby aid my companions in their flight. For I could neither see nor hear anything of them, and believed I was the only one who had been seized by the British guards. At length I ceased my efforts, and, yielding to the inevitable, let them lead me away. They conducted me around the prison to its front entrance and took me into the superintendent's office, where to my amazement I beheld all my comrades, each like myself in the grasp of two soldiers.

There was a broad grin on the face of the prison overseer as he gazed at us, and then addressing himself to Captain Tucker, he said:

“It was a neat little game, Captain, I admit that, and with some it might have succeeded, but not with me. Why, sir, let me show you that I have known of your scheme from the beginning. See here—” and turning to the partition back of his chair, he pushed aside an old garment that was hanging there, disclosing a small aperture, about the size of a walnut on that side of the wall, but tapering down to a small point on the side of our room. “With the coat hanging there to shut out the light,” he continued, “you did not notice the tiny opening, and did not suspect that many times each day I either had my eye upon you, or my ear was where I could hear all you were saying,” and he glanced at his prisoner with a complacent air which said: “I was more than a match for you.”

Then he went on:

“Oh! I knew you were a shrewd fellow, Cap-

tain Tucker, and had outwitted more than one of our officers before now, but I was determined you should not outwit me. So I put you and your subalterns in there where I could literally keep you under my eye. I saw you the night you cut out the boards of your berth, and immediately suspected your plan, but purposely allowed you to go on to the end. I was outside the prison watching when your hand first broke through the surface. Then I called my men, for I had arranged a little plan, too, and captured each one of you as you came out of the tunnel, and marched you in here. I assure you the joke is on you," and he threw back his head and laughed immoderately.

It was no laughing matter for us, however, and we were a crest-fallen group as we stood there looking first at our captors and then at each other, and realizing that our weeks of hard toil had availed us nothing.

But the worst was yet to come.

"Do you know what I am going to do with you?" the jailer asked when his laughter was

over. "Of course you don't, so I will tell you. I am going to put you right back into that room tonight, and leave the passage open, and you are at liberty to go out if you wish. Only remember twelve good men are to be stationed outside with orders to pick you off as you come out of your hole like so many woodchucks," and again he laughed as though he had perpetrated another good joke.

Nor was he yet done.

"Tomorrow," he added, "I shall have you fill up the hole you have taken such pains to dig. It will be quite a job to put all that dirt back, but since you thrived while digging it out, you doubtless will enjoy putting it back. The additional exercise will be good for you," and for the third time he laughed heartily.

This is where the worst came in. He kept his word to the letter. Back into the room we were marched and left to ourselves. There the opening stared silently at us. We knew it led out into the open air, but not one of us cared to make use of it; and the next morning under a

guard of soldiers we were forced to fill up the tunnel we had been so long in digging.

The day after this enforced task was completed the overseer came to our room. He looked us over quizzically, and then remarked:

“You look tired, gentlemen, and hardly as though you were in a good condition for a long journey, and yet I am compelled to ask you to take one. The governor seems to think you are going to be more of a burden here than he cares to have on his hands, so he has decided to send you down to Halifax. At sunrise tomorrow you will start, and I wish you a pleasant journey, a safe arrival, and a long stay in the stoutest jail we have in all the colonies,” and with mock politeness he bowed himself out of our presence.

The sun was just peeping above the horizon the next morning when we were taken down to the river and put on board an open boat, already manned with an officer and ten men. The jailer himself had accompanied us, and his directions to the lieutenant in whose care he placed us were brief but to the point:

“Here are the prisoners, sir; and the governor says you are to deliver them alive or dead to the governor at Halifax, and take a receipt for them. It matters little the condition they are in—the point is to deliver them, so you will know what to do if they attempt to make you any trouble,” and the grin we had so often seen was again upon his face.

Then the ropes were cast off, the sail was hoisted, and the voyage begun—a voyage destined to have an outcome very different from what any one in the boat, or even the watching official on the shore, expected.

The wind was from the north, and we soon ran out of Hillsborough bay into Northumberland Strait, which we crossed to Cape St. George, where we went on shore for dinner.

The officer in charge of us did not mean to give us any opportunity either to run away from him or to overpower himself and men, for the moment the boat touched the shore he marched us up to a large tree not far from the beach. There he made us sit down, and placed six men

with loaded guns around us with orders to shoot us down if we even attempted to rise, a thing we should have been glad to do as the long hours in the boat had cramped our limbs and rendered them stiff and uncomfortable.

Under his direction, the other four men built a fire, cooked the dinner, and with himself partook of it. The four fed soldiers then changed places with four of our guards, who had their rations. The remaining two were then relieved for their repast. When they were done a small amount of food was brought to us, but there was no time during our halt when we were not under the guard of at least six men, who had their muskets ready for instant use.

During the afternoon we rounded the Cape, and going down St. George's Bay, passed through the gut of Canso to Chedabucto Bay, where we ran in to the Isle of Madame for the night. Within the walls of the garrison and under a strong guard furnished by the commander, we were kept securely until the morning, when our journey was resumed.

So far there had been no opportunity for us to have a single word of private conversation with one another, and if the same vigilance was maintained by our guards, we certainly should not have one. No plan for any concerted action towards our freedom could therefore be arranged by us. Yet we all knew by the looks the Captain occasionally gave us that he was watching for the moment when we might make such an effort with some hope of success, and we were all on the alert to assist him when such a move was made.

During the night the wind had whipped around, and now blew mildly from the south. It took us some time, therefore, to beat out around Cape Canso to the ocean, and when there what breeze there was left us. For a long time we lay there, gently tossing on the ground swell with the hot sun beating down upon our heads. The natural effect was for us to grow drowsy, and after a while even the men holding the guns were nodding sleepily.

When the lieutenant joined us in the morn-

ing he had the appearance of a man who had been up a good part of the night at his cups, and it now began to tell upon him. For a while he struggled to keep awake, and then, handing over the tiller to one of his men whom he sternly cautioned to keep a sharp lookout, he put himself in as comfortable a position as possible, with his head on the gunwale for a nap.

The heat had a similar effect on us Yankees, but we had an inducement to keep awake the red-coats did not have. By a glance at us Captain Tucker gave us to understand that the favorable moment for our action was close at hand, and with the prospect of our liberty before us we had no difficulty in keeping our eyes open.

Soon after the English officer dropped asleep, Captain Tucker changed his own position in the boat to one near the sleeping man. Here he assumed an easy posture as though he too would take a nap, yet we knew he was awake and was preparing to act.

That move came, however, sooner than we looked for it and in a way we had not expected.

Catching the lieutenant suddenly by the feet, he tumbled him overboard, and so adroitly was it done that to all of his nodding men it had the appearance of an accidental fall into the sea.

Captain Tucker's next move also seemed to confirm this view. Springing to his feet as though aroused by the splash, he called out excitedly:

“Quick, men! Put out your sweeps! You must save him! I'll steer!”

He took the tiller from the bewildered soldier, and again cried out for the men to get out their oars.

In the excitement that followed—an excitement increased by the unfortunate officer's calls for help, for his sword and pistols were weighing him down—the red-coats dropped their guns and put out the oars. They were awkward about it, however, and the Captain so managed the tiller that we were a few minutes in coming up with the struggling man. Those few minutes were enough for us, his comrades, to seize the discarded weapons. Dropping over-

board all but five, we so placed ourselves that, when the British officer was drawn into the boat again, we were in command of it.

Under the stern orders of Captain Tucker, enforced by our loaded muskets, the discomfited soldiers pulled to the shore where they were disembarked.

“It cannot be far across the point to Canso, where you will find friends,” the Captain announced when they were on the beach. “Your boat and your provisions we shall need. Good-by,” and with a bow as polite as that the British jailer had given us a day or two before, he waved his hand for us to pull the craft out to sea.

Early in the afternoon the breeze sprang up again, and we headed the sloop down the coast, homeward bound, for after some discussion we decided to run the risk of a voyage in the open boat to Boston.

In the month of August the sea is usually light and the weather serene from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts Bay. We found it so now, and

on the seventeenth arrived in port without mishap.

Bidding good-bye to our comrades, the Captain and I repaired to Marblehead, where we awaited the further orders of the Naval Committee. But two months later Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and the war for the independence of the Colonies was over.

The navy, therefore, no longer needed us, and we resigned our commissions to go back to the foreign trade. For several years the Captain ran a large ship to French and Spanish ports, on which I served as first mate. Then I was given command of a brig in the East India trade and the Captain and I did not see each other for some years.

The War of 1812 sent us back to the navy in which he rose to the rank of a Commodore, while I won a Captain's commission. At its close he retired to a farm he had purchased in Bristol, Maine, while I again sailed for foreign ports.

It was never my good fortune to visit him in his new home but once; but I have many times since stood by his grave and read the few lines written on his tombstone, a just tribute to the man and his service:

IN MEMORY OF
COMMODORE SAMUEL TUCKER
WHO DIED
MARCH 10, 1833
A PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION

To this I would personally add:
“And the truest friend I ever knew.”

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